THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1821. THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY. 1873.

Vol. LII. H. PETERSON & CO., No. 319 Walnut Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1873. TERMS $3.00 a Year in Advance. Single Number, 5 Cents. No. 32.

FALSE AND TRUE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Handsome, wealthy, quite refined,
Like a very king in might,
Lifted high above my kind,
Courted and flattered day and night,
Two fair maids are near to me—
One with brown eyes, one with blue,
By some magic could I see
Which is false and which is true.

Close attending what I say,
Eyes uplifted blue-eyed Belle,
In a soft confiding way
Seems to love me passing well.
Not a glance does May bestow,
Brown eyes hidden from my view,
Ah, if I could only know
Which is false and which is true.

Small-pox coming on apace,
Seeks a victim out in me,
Leaves a scarred and pitted face
All unlike I used to be.
Wealth takes wings and flies away
As such things are apt to do,
It were easy now to say
Which is false and which is true.

In the street, the danger past,
Where the passers surge and swell,
Come I face to face at last
With confiding, blue-eyed Belle.
Cold her bows, downcast her eyes,
Swift she hurries from my view,
I am not a worthy prize,
Belle is false—who then is true?

Here is May, false will she be?
Scarcely daring I advance.
Ah, the brown eyes look on me
Welcome beaming in their glance.
Love like hers change cannot quell—
Hope and faith are born anew,
Let the world be false with Belle,
May, my darling, May is true.

SADIE BEATTY.

ON BOARD THE OTRANTO.

The Cost of Conquest.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU.

CHAPTER I.

"THOROUGH!"

Her glossy hair was clustered o'er a brow
Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth;
Her eyebrows shape was like the imperial bow;
Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth,
Mounting at times to an imperial glow,
As if her veins ran lightning. —*Byron.*

Christmas Day!—the day when the star shone over Bethlehem; the day of days in our Christian Church. Christmas, with all its concomitants of good cheer and good fellowship, but without the snow and cold weather which those who are warmly-clad and housed hail as hardening and healthy, and those who are not dread as a bitter enemy—perhaps a fatal foe.

In Allahabad, in India, where our story begins, there was soft sunshine and gentle breezes, the scent of sweet flowers, and the soughing of tall trees, bringing new life to the heat-oppressed Europeans who lived in the sacred city. The cantonments of the regiment of British infantry, familiarly known as the Springers, were alive with gayety. Songs and lively talk issued from the open doors and windows of the numerous bungalows, and the native servants had their hands full waiting on the "sahibs," their masters. A little scorn they doubtless felt at the tremendous amount of eating and drinking necessary to celebrate a European festival, their own ideas of merry-making not going beyond tom-toms and pink dust.

Colonel Branscombe, who commanded the Springers, had given his men a holiday and a feast, and they were making the most of both. He was dearly beloved in the regiment, and his name rang out on the evening air, coupled with "He's a jolly good fellow!" and "Three times three, and a little one in!" with all the heartiness that true soldiers' lungs can infuse into a real cheer. There's no sound like it under the sun.

The colonel heard it as he moved about his own handsomely-appointed bungalow among his guests, for he had a party in honor of Christmas Day, and felt that it was a pleasant thing to be popular. The black servants heard it, and thought, maybe, of the terrible mutiny, in which some of them had been concerned, when such sounds as those urged on a handful of men to conquer or die in the strife with the overwhelming hosts of savage rebels. The colonel's lady guests heard it, and one or two sneered at the enthusiasm which prompted the din. They had dined in the colonel's bungalow, and were enjoying the balmy air and the scent of the flowers at the open windows.

It was a mixed party. Parties in India are apt to be rather mixed. People are thrown in contact there with those to whom they would hardly condescend to speak at home; and one or two of the colonel's guests were new to the country, and considerably astonished at what they saw and heard.

Mrs. Major Scorby, just out, expressed herself so to Mrs. Captain Sloper, a lady of more mature Indian experience.

"I never expected anything like this—never," she said, emphatically. "It's bad enough at home; but here— Why, the colonel goes about among the men as though he were one of them, and I saw his daughter actually shake hands with one of the women down at the quarters. I call such familiarity disgusting—there's no other word for it."

"Oh, Kate Branscombe's past praying for," said the other lady, with a laugh. "No one ever takes any notice of what she does. We are very free-and-easy people out here, my dear Mrs. Scorby, and you'll soon fall into our ways."

"I hope not, if it's to bring me to this sort of thing, I shall keep to myself."

"You can't do that here; the rest won't let you. You won't meet any one here who is not worthy of a place at our colonel's table."

"You seem very fond of him."

"We are."

"And his daughter?"

"Oh, every one likes Kate. The regiment wouldn't seem the same without Kate Branscombe."

By "the regiment" Mrs Sloper meant the officers thereof, and their wives; the thousand or so of men below the salt, with their wives, being of no account in that lady's eyes.

"Where is she? I hav'n't seen her since dinner. Does she object to parties?"

"Not she. I expect she's off to talk to young Reynell. He's staying with the colonel?"

"Ah, that's the heir to the great property in Herefordshire. Ill, isn't he?"

"Has been; he's better now. He goes home with the first draft. I'm not sorry; he's a conceited, uppish young fellow."

Philip Reynell, the unconscious subject of the lady's animadversion, was by no means what she described him. He was an unaffected, modest young gentleman, a favorite with every one; but he was a gentleman, rich, well-educated, and unmarried, and as such he was very much in the way of Mrs. Sloper's plain and conceited son, whom neither nature nor training had endowed with gentility. In spite of his wealth—a recent acquisition—he was a singularly lonely and friendless young man. His father was the younger and only brother of the very wealthy head of an old family—the Reynells, of Boscobel Abbey, Herefordshire. Like many younger sons, his portion was small, and he chose the army for a profession. He married, and was a widower within two years, with one child—the Philip of whom Mrs. Sloper had spoken so slightingly.

Leaving his boy to be reared and educated, he went to India, and spent nearly the whole of his life there, visiting Europe at intervals. When the boy was fourteen years of age, he had him sent out to him, and he had remained in the country ever since.

Ten years after his son joined him in India, Major Reynell received intelligence of his brother's death, and his consequent accession to the Boscobel estates. He obtained leave, and hastened home; but Philip did not accompany him. He had already begun to feel that Kate Branscombe's bright eyes were the boundary of his world, and was rapidly making the colonel's fair daughter "the only star of his idolatry."

"I'll come, of course, sir, if there's any real necessity," he said, dutifully; "but—"

"But just now you can't leave your post; the regiment can't do without you; you are extremely attached to your men, and very much in love with Miss Branscombe—eh, Phil?" and the major clapped his son on the back with a light laugh.

"I suppose that's it, sir," he replied. "I—I want to be sure before I leave India."

"Oh, then you are not sure?"

"I hav'n't asked her yet; I don't think she'll say 'No,' when I do."

"I don't think she will. She is not the sort of girl to lead a man on, and then turn round and laugh at him, or to allow any one to pay her attentions she did not care for. She's a *thorough* girl is Kate Branscombe, and she likes you. I'm as sure of it as though she had told me so in so many words. Stay, Phil, and make sure, and Heaven's blessing go with you, whether she says 'Yes!' or 'No!'"

And so they parted to meet no more on this side of eternity. Philip Reynell went with his father to Bombay, and watched the good ship Ariel steam away on her homeward voyage, little dreaming that he had looked his last on the grand old face with the kindly, serious eyes, which had been to him till now the guiding star of his existence.

But so it was. By one of those fatalities which make men wonder at the inscrutable ways of Providence, Major Reynell was seized with mortal illness almost as soon as he landed in England, and only reached Boscobel to die, and be laid in the family vault beside his childless brother, thus leaving Philip the last of a long line, and quite alone in the world. Should he die unmarried, the Reynell name would die too, and the property go to a cousin, a descendant of the female branch of three generations back.

When the sad tidings reached Allahabad, whither Philip Reynell had returned, the young man was very ill. One of the insidious fevers so prevalent in India had seized him on the journey back, and prostrated him utterly. The shock of the news was terrible to him, for he had loved his father. Not even the knowledge that he was now one of the richest commoners in England, instead of a poor subaltern in an infantry regiment, could rouse him from the sad depression into which he fell. Indeed, so severe was the blow, that the doctors gave it as their opinion that he would never rally, but that he and the Reynell race would come to a speedy end together.

Colonel Branscombe, feeling alarmed at the young man's condition, and fearing he was hardly well nursed in his lonely bungalow, had him removed to comfortable quarters in his own house, and carefully tended through all the long weeks of fever and delirium which followed the arrival of the fatal letter.

There were many people in the station, most of them ladies, ready enough to be very censorious upon the subject of the colonel's receiving the young man into his house, and the society of his pretty daughter, whose attractions were as universally admitted, as they were employed without the slightest design on her part.

Katherine Branscombe was, as Major Reynell had said, "thorough." Entirely free from conventionalisms of any sort, independent, and, to a certain extent, wilful, she did things that the "proper" ladies, young and old, of the station held up their hands at in horror. She would shake hands, as Mrs. Scorby had seen her do, with a soldier's wife: nay, even with a soldier himself, if her good feeling and circumstances prompted her thereto. She would kiss the babies, and play with the children, and interest herself about men and things in a hearty way, that made Mrs. Sloper, and ladies after her pattern, wonder "what on earth the service was coming to."

But with all her freedom of manner, Katherine Branscombe was a perfect lady—a thoroughbred girl, before whom a man would as soon have thought of uttering a *double entendre*, as of attempting to fly—a girl whom women hated for her perfection of dress, bearing and manner, and before whom men bowed down as before a queen, and gave their hearts without daring to tell her of the involuntary offering. The gossips of the station need not have troubled themselves about Philip Reynell's matrimonial prospect, or Kate's manœuvring. The affair was all settled before the news came of Major Reynell's death, and it was her affianced husband that the sorrowing girl helped her father to nurse back to life and health.

Colonel Branscombe had his objections to the affair; but they were the objections of an honorable gentleman, and he spoke them out honestly and openly.

"The world will say that I have sought this match for my girl," he said; "that I have entrapped the heir to a great fortune into marrying my daughter for the sake of this wealth."

"No one could look in your face and harbor such a thought for a moment," Philip said, fervently. "Never mind the world, sir. My father bade Heaven bless me in my prospects with her before he went away. Won't you say 'Amen' to that sweet prayer?"

"With all my heart!"

"Remember, I loved her long before this news came—from the very first moment I saw her—only I dared not speak."

"I know, my boy, and she knows, or I'm no reader of women. She's a pearl, is Kate; a good daughter, and she'll make as good a wife. If she says 'Yes,' so will I."

And Kate had said "Yes," and acknowledged, with many a blush, but in a frank, open way, which was her second nature, that she loved Philip Reynell very dearly, and they had plighted their troth with a loving kiss, and agreed to keep their engagement a secret until instructions for Philip came from England.

But the terrible tidings we have narrated, came instead, and for weeks Kate Branscombe hung over the bed of the man to whom she had given her heart, firmly believing he would never leave it alive. Through all the rainy season, when the air is full of malaria, and the soaked ground sends up steams which deal out fever and death all around, he lay hovering on the confines of the next world, only held back by the tender cords of love and care; and it was only with the cessation of the moonsons, and the bursting forth of the milder rays of the winter sun, that he revived, to look upon the things of this life once more.

He was still too weak to partake of the Christmas festivities, and Kate had stolen away from the chattering throng in the long drawing-room of the bungalow, to have a quiet half hour with him. She was very heavy of heart, though she strove to be gay, for it had been arranged that Philip should go home in the first troop-ship that left Bombay, and the time for his leaving Allahabad was drawing very near now. There was nothing the matter now but weakness, and the doctors assured him that the sea air would quite set him up, and despite his love for Kate, he was anxious to be gone. He was quite sure of her now. She had promised to be his, and he was safe. The sooner he went and settled his affairs so as to send for her or fetch her, the better.

She was usually hopeful when they discussed the matter; but to-night her eyes were full of tears as she stood by the window of his pretty room.

"What is it, darling?" he asked, drawing her to the side of the light bamboo lounging chair in which he reclined. "Anything fresh?"

"No."

"Tired with the festivities, I suppose? By Jove, how those fellows do shout. I wonder when I shall be able to let out a cheer like that. Why, Kate darling, what is it?" For she had flung herself on her knees beside him, and was weeping passionate tears. "What has happened?"

"Nothing, Phil, nothing, on my word. Only—only I cannot let you go. My heart will break."

"It is only for a little while, dear. Were your father other than he is, or you a less loving child, I would say marry me, and let me take my wife home to Boscobel. What would you say to that?"

"I couldn't—not if I broke my heart in saying no," she replied, simply. "My father is too good and too dear to me for me to wreck his happiness for the sake of mine. But, oh, Phil—"

"What, darling?"

"When you part with me, we shall never meet again. I know it—I feel it. Our happiness has been too great, and the bitterness that will follow it is coming surely and quickly."

CHAPTER II.

A LAST CHANCE.

There is in some men a fatality
That knowledge is more loss than profit to them,
For what appears their bane as clear as day
Is ever sure to be the thing they do,
As right of a descending shell, 'tis known,
Will fix the man who sees it to the spot,
Where he is sure to die with limbs at large
As his that walks or runs. —*Sheridan Knowles.*

"You're a true woman, Katie darling," said Philip Reynell, in reply. "Not see me again! That you shall if I am alive, in a very few months. Why, I shall only just go to Boscobel and get installed, and then come back and fetch you, 'my bride and my darling to be,'" he added, carolling the line in a voice which, though weak now, was very sweet and musical. "Don't give way to presentiments, there's a dear, or I shall fancy you are superstitious."

"And so I am in some things; I think there are times when the feeling that comes upon us, bidding us, as it were, to do or not to do certain things, is a foreshadowing of the future. I have it on me now about your journey; I feel that if I could stop your going, even with the sacrifice of my life, I would do it."

"But why?"

"Ah, I cannot tell, I wish I could. I can only feel that there is danger and sorrow to come of it; ah! don't laugh at me, Phil, the dread is very real to me."

"My own Katie, I don't want to laugh at you; but I look upon all these feelings as signs of a system out of tone. I had them myself up to a very little while since. Depend upon it you are out of sorts."

"No, I'm not, Phil, I'm never out of sorts."

"You must be, they don't take half care enough of you. All your presentiments will vanish when you get my description of my triumphant entry into my own dominions. Just fancy me the master of an estate, and you the mistress, eh, Kate. Why, I've been obliged to consider the price of cigars before I made up my mind to smoke them till now."

He laughed gayly as he spoke, and then the merriment died away into a sigh as he thought of the price he had to pay for it, of the loving father whose death had made the only road for his advancement.

"You may be sure I shall lose no time in coming back for you," he said, drawing her down to him, and kissing her tearful face. "I am a very lonely fellow, with no tie left on earth but your love. Think of that when presentiments trouble you—they won't when you queen it at Boscobel."

"I never shall," she said, gravely. "Oh, Phil, don't think me selfish and wicked to worry you with my fears. I shall never be mistress of Boscobel."

"So surely as I am its master at this moment you shall," he replied, warmly. "You cannot send me away with tears; you know they are an ill omen. Dry them now, dear, there is some one coming."

It was only Mrs. Sloper, whose curiosity about the young people could no longer be restrained, and who was prowling about seeking what she might discover. She did not see the embrace and the kiss which followed Philip Reynell's words, but she saw enough in the attitude and expression of the young people to "open her eyes," as she said afterward to Mrs. Scorby, with whom she presently became very intimate indeed.

"And very nicely and quietly it has been all managed," she said. "It was no bad thing for the colonel to hook such a fine match for his daughter. Fifty thousand a year and Boscobel Abbey are not to be picked up every day."

"I have seen Boscobel Abbey, and it is a fine old place," Mrs. Scorby remarked. "But will Miss Branscombe have nothing of her own? The colonel seems well off."

"I fancy he lives up to it; but his daughter has something in her own right, a few thousands I believe, left from the mother's side of the family."

Philip Reynell and his affianced bride went their way quietly, all unconscious of gossip or speculation. Katherine said no more of her presentiments, and when the time for parting came, she bore the ordeal bravely, as became a soldier's daughter. By that time every one knew of their engagement; Philip himself had told his brother officers, and when he took leave of his men he revealed the fact to them that the young lady whom they respected and their wives loved so much would be his wife as soon as he could make the necessary arrangements. And the men had cheered with all the power of their lungs, and wished him joy, and he had bidden them remember that he left his wife in their care, and they had vowed they would guard her from harm, if need be, with their lives.

A trusty servant went with him—none of the Springers were going home in the Otranto, the ship waiting at Bombay—and everything looked fair for his homeward journey. His cabin was fitted with every comfort, and Edwards, his man, was the very *beau idéal* of a military servant.

The drafts then going home belonged to cavalry regiments, and he knew some of the officers, so that the time seemed likely to be a pleasant one. But "*l'homme propose*," &c. An untoward accident very nearly marred the pleasant beginning of the voyage. Edwards, through some mischance, fell down the main hatchway of the Otranto, and broke his leg, on the morning of sailing. His pain and distress were greatly aggravated by the thought of his master's weak state, and he would hardly allow himself to be carried ashore, till he had seen a substitute provided in his place. But there was no time for this before the Otranto moved away from her moorings, and Philip Reynell had to bid his servant good-bye, and leave him in charge of some of the shore-going visitors. He put a check into his hand and bade him a kindly farewell.

"See that you want for nothing," he said, "and mind and get well quickly, and come after me. I shall look for news of you by the next mail. Be sure you let me know how you are."

"That I will, sir, and thank you."

"And follow me as soon as you are able—I shall rely on you. I sha'n't look for another fellow for a permanency until I hear from you, mind that."

"You are very good, sir. If I'm spared I'll follow you in a very few weeks."

"Oh, you'll be spared," said Philip Reynell, with more of thoughtlessness than irreverence. "Heaven won't want to take a great useful chap like you away from this wicked world yet. 'Boscobel Abbey, Herefordshire!' a merry meeting to us there in three months' time."

Poor Edwards's eyes filled with tears as his master parted from him with a kindly grip of the hand; and, truth to tell, there was a moisture on Philip Reynell's own eyelashes, that told well for his goodness of heart.

"Pshaw! I'm getting some of Katie's presentiments," he said, as he hurried away to join a group of officers whom he had left to talk to Edwards.

He was much better already, able to walk about in a weak sort of fashion, and to bear the society of his fellow men. He looked very white and wan when he returned to the deck, and was glad to drop into the first seat he came to for a moment's rest.

"Look here, old fellow, all this has been too much for you," said one of the subalterns, a young man named Harvey Manners, going home himself invalided from a sharp attack of fever and ague. "Let my man help you to your berth, and get you something. There she goes! We're off at last! Hurrah for Old England!"

And the boyish gayety broke into a cheer that was almost a sob, as the young heart of the ensign, for he was no more as yet, beat with the knowledge that the hated Indian shore was actually receding from them at last.

"Thank you, I'm all right," Philip Reynell said. "If you'll let your man bring me a glass of port wine I'll sit here awhile. When this confusion is a little subsided, I'll go down and pick a man. Captain Bertrand has given me leave to take any one of his I like."

"I'm afraid you won't find a very promising lot below. They are all invalids and time-expired men, with one or two bad characters, sent home to be discharged."

"Oh, I shall find one, I dare say."

"Shall I look out for you?"

"Thanks, no; I've a curiosity to look for myself. I'll be sure to pick a smart man, see if I don't."

The Otranto sailed in the morning, shortly before noon, and in the afternoon Philip Reynell, with Harvey Manners as cicerone, made the tour of the ship in search of a servant. It was Philip Reynell's first experience of one of her majesty's troop-ships, and interested as he was in all that pertained to the comfort and well-being of his men, he was not a little surprised at what he saw. To those who go out at the after-end of these ships, who sit above the salt at the great table of the army, a troop-ship is a kind of floating palace. The accommodation is small, but it is perfect of its kind. There are baths and dressing-rooms, sofas and lounges, nurseries for the children, and a well-ordered table, with handy waiters in trim uniform to attend to those who are fortunate enough to be able to eat; but at the other end of the ship things are very different.

There the room a man may occupy is measured by inches instead of feet, and soldiers have to eat, drink, and sleep in a tightly-packed body, so dovetailed into their places that the smallest disarrangement throws the whole deck into confusion. Where the soldier eats his meals there he slings his hammock at night, so close to his right and left-hand neighbors that going to bed is a process only to be learned by constant practice. His place at meals must be his place always when he is not on deck. The table must be slung up out of the way before there is room to walk and down the deck; the pannikin that holds his cocoa at breakfast serves for his soup at dinner, his beer, his grog, if he has any, and then for "the cup that cheers, but not inebriates" at night. Woe betide the man whose palate does not get inured to the mixed flavor of everything served out on board ship: he comes but badly off on a sea voyage.

The utilization of every inch of space is the grand object considered on board a troop-ship, not the comfort of her living freight. No matter if a man be ever so sick or weary, he must not lie in his hammock a moment after "turn out" sounds. He must be up and doing.

The two young officers found everything in order when they went forward in search of a servant. The men had found their places, and stowed away their possessions, and were lounging about rather listlessly, as if wondering what was to be the next duty in their new life. The women were busy arranging their quarters, which are much better than those allotted to their husbands, and the children were running about as children will, at home anywhere.

"By Jove! it's like a floating town," Philip Reynell said, as the two stood on the hurricane deck, looking down on the moving crowd below. "I'd no idea these ships were so big."

"I think the Tigris is bigger than this. There's Bertrand down there; he'll recommend you a man."

"There's a fellow I should like."

"Where?"

"There, among those children; he's a handy man, and a shrewd one, I'm sure. If he's not a married man, I should like him. I don't like married servants."

The man to whom the young officer referred was sitting on a coil of rope, in the midst of a group of children, busily engaged in mending the broken perch of a bird-cage. The child to whom the damaged article belonged stood before him, holding her pet, one of the little brown birds so familiar to our troops in India—a "minah"—in her hands, while, with the most perfect confidence in the man's skill, she watched the repairs. The other little ones were hanging about him in a way that told that to them he was ever gentle and kind, yet his face and bearing belied these attributes. There was a burning look in his eyes, as of fear and hatred combined, and a shrinking, shirking manner about him, altogether as of a man who constantly dreads and expects reproof or punishment.

"Rather a hang-dog sort of fellow, isn't he?" Ensign Manners asked. "Looks like a bad character man."

"I should like to have him, whoever he is. Here's Captain Bertrand; he belongs to his troop. I'll ask for him."

"One of my men, eh?" said the captain, when the application was made. "I'm afraid you won't find a sound one amongst them, my dear sir. I'm going home in charge of a set of cripples. Which of the incapables has taken your fancy?"

"That one."

"Which?"

"That man there, with the children; he is one of yours, is he not?"

"Yes; but you will never think of him?"

"Why not?"

"My dear sir, he's the worst character in the regiment; going home to be dismissed the service. He's not to be trusted in any way. He'll lie, rob, drink, do anything but work like a decent man."

"Has he ever been a servant?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll try him. What's his name?"

"David Burroughs. You'd better not. He'll break out before you've had him a week, and make you sorry for it."

"I'll risk it. I have your permission to take him, then?"

"Certainly; and any one of the lot after him, when he has tired your patience. Shall I call him up here?"

"No, thanks. I'll go down to him."

Which he did, leaving the other two officers watching him.

"He'll never make anything of him," said Captain Bertrand. "He'll be too kind to him, and then Burroughs will turn and do him in some way."

Philip Reynell walked up to where the man was sitting.

"I want to speak to you, Burroughs," he said.

The man rose, and saluted sullenly enough, and then stood to "attention," waiting to hear what this stranger officer wanted with him.

"You are going home disgraced, your captain tells me. Is it true?"

"Yes, sir."

The tone was sulky, and implied as plainly as words could, "and what business is that of yours?"

"Would you like another chance—a last one, mind—to retrieve yourself?"

Burroughs' eyes sparkled, and he did not answer for a moment; but there flashed a look across his face not lost upon his questioner, which told him how much he would like a last chance. His tone was sullen enough, though, as he answered the question with another—

"Who'd give me one, sir?"

"I will."

"You?"

"Yes. My servant has met with an accident. I am Lieutenant Reynell, and I want some one to attend on me during the voyage. I see you are handy, and I hear you are active and know your duty. Will you take the place? I will answer for your being allowed to do so."

Something rose in the throat of the disgraced man that he had to choke down before he could speak, and there was a curious mist before his eyes, as he answered, huskily—

"I will, and thank you, sir."

"Then go and speak to your sergeant-major about it. Captain Bertrand knows already. Make yourself tidy, and come to my cabin; they'll show you in the saloon where it is."

"Yes, sir."

"And hark ye, my man; let this be the beginning of a new life to you. A fine young fellow like you should be worth something better than to be branded like a straying sheep. I can't promise to keep you when I get to England; my own man will follow me, I hope; but if you serve me well on the voyage, and behave yourself, I will see you get a place at home."

He turned away, and the tears that had risen in the disgraced man's eyes ran over and wetted his cheeks.

"Heaven bless him!" he said. "I'll serve him as man never was served before. A word like that would have saved me long ago, if any one had been man enough to speak it. He sha'n't regret trusting me."

CHAPTER III.

DEAD.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath;
And stars to set; but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thy own, oh, death!
—*Hemans.*

David Burroughs was what Captain Bertrand described him to be—the worst man in the regiment. The orphan child of a dissipated father, his little patrimony had sufficed to put him to school, and give him an education, if not first-class, at least good enough to enable him to take a fair place in the world. But he was not one of those who take fair places in the ranks of life. Thrown upon his own resources, without any friends who where sufficiently interested in him to give him either help or advice, he drifted into bad company, and its concomitants, and at one and twenty found himself without a penny, a home, or a friend in the world.

To take the Queen's shilling is a very common step with those who are thus reduced, and David Burroughs soon found himself at the recruiting quarters of a cavalry regiment, offering his life and limbs for the service of his country. Likely young fellows were never refused when men were wanted, and the sergeant regarded the well-knit frame and active movements of the applicant with complacency, and prophesied that he would speedily rise in the service.

But wildness and dissipation seemed inherent in the young man's nature. Chance after chance was afforded him of bettering his condition. Posts of all sorts for which his education rendered him suitable were given him, only to be taken away in disgust after a few weeks. Drunkenness, inattention, bad conduct of all sorts, reduced him in a very short time to the lowest pitch of degradation to which a soldier can arrive, and now, after five years' service, he was going home, disgraced, to be dismissed the service as incorrigible.

Philip Reynell could hardly analyze the feeling which prompted him to take Burroughs into his service; but he found no cause to repent having done so. Neat-handed, active, and quiet in his movements, he proved himself the very *beau ideal* of a servant; and without being disagreeably servile, or in the least fawning, he seemed to be striving to prove how grateful he was for his new master's kindness. He was a tolerably good looking young fellow, about the same height as his new master, who was, therefore, able to supply him with some respectable clothing, and had clustering curly hair, several shades lighter than Philip Reynell's brown curls. His eyes lost the furtive, shrinking look which had been so unpleasant as the days went by, and he learned to look people in the face once more as a man should.

"He'll break out before long, depend upon it," Captain Bertraud said to his master one morning, when the new service had lasted about a week. "He'll never keep steady a month."

"I think he will. He seems thoroughly and quietly grateful for what I have done. I could almost swear he will reform."

"Well, time will show. I hope you may be right. He's a smart-looking chap, but very pale. What's the matter with him?"

"I don't know. I've often seen him with his hand pressed to his side. He says he went into hospital last year with inflammation, and it's something left from that."

"Ah, yes! The diseases of the blessed climate we're quitting do leave their traces behind. A man's never the same after a few years under the Bengal blanket."

Philip Reynell made his new servant attend hospital one morning for the doctor's opinion, and learned from that gentleman that David Burroughs had a diseased heart.

"Not to any terrible extent," he said; "but it's an insidious complaint. A man may live for many years with it, and die a white-headed old grandfather, or he may drop any day or hour."

"I hope Burroughs won't do that while he is with me. I like the fellow, in spite of everything I hear in his disfavor."

"I don't think you need fear much. His life seems a pretty easy and uneventful one," the doctor replied. "He has come through much worse troubles than any he will meet with in your service."

Philip Reynell liked his servant still more when, as they were more than half-way across the Indian Ocean, he became very ill. A cold, caught from imprudent exposure coupled with a little over-exertion, laid hold of him, and prostrated him completely with a fresh attack of fever. If Burroughs had been attentive as a valet, he was invaluable as a nurse. The doctor found his minutest orders as carefully attended to as though he had a trained woman under his direction, and did not fail to praise his coadjutor as he deserved.

"Under Heaven, Burroughs has saved you," he said to Philip, the first day he was able to be laid under an awning on deck.

The Otranto was steaming up the Red Sea, and the land on each side could be seen when the young master of Boscobel was once more able to look out upon the world of sea and sky.

"But for him you would never have got as far as this."

"But for you, you mean."

"No; my skill was all very well, but it was he—the care and attention he has shown—that have done the work. Think of him when you set foot on Old England again."

"He shall never forget this voyage," said Philip, warmly; "I'll make a man of him when we get home."

But David Burroughs was in other hands than his master's. Philip Reynell might plan for him, but human plans are as naught in the eye of Providence, who "shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will." Swiftly through the rock-bound sea the Otranto sped on her way—past places and scenes hallowed in sacred lore, over the spot where a nation passed through dry-shod, led by the unseen hand of Him they worshipped, over the grave of Pharoah's mighty host, till the port was reached where they must disembark, to be whirled across the desert to Alexandria, thence to take ship for Old England.

The journey, though only some twelve hours long, was too much for Philip Reynell. The Tigris, waiting on the other side of the isthmus, sailed away without him, leaving him prostrated by fatigue at an hotel in the port.

"Don't try the voyage for a few weeks," the doctor said. "Stay here, the climate is just the thing for you now, and you can get home any week, you know."

"I sha'n't stay many days," Philip replied; "I shall come in the Euphrates."

From Alexandria he wrote to Katherine Branscombe and her father—a cheerful, hopeful letter—telling of his voyage and his illness, and extolling his new servant, who was so attentive and so good.

"He has been as ill as I have," he said, "but has never once flagged in his care of me. He has heart-disease of some sort, and Dr. Adams told me I might lose him any day. I hope it won't be on the voyage, for he is as tender and watchful as a woman—as even my Katie could be if I had her. I shall get away from here in the Euphrates to-morrow, so look for a letter from England in a mail or two."

All were strangers to the young officer and his servant on board the new vessel—an infantry regiment from Madras were going home in her, and he knew none of them. If he had, he could not have enjoyed their society, for with the first swing of the ship in the deep water all his distressing symptoms returned, and he could not lift his head from his pillow. The Euphrates sailed in the morning, and by night it was pretty evident to the ship's doctor that the voyage would be fatal to the new passenger, and he strongly urged his being put ashore at Malta. But Philip objected. He would rather die on board ship, if he was to die, and be buried in the sea, he declared, than go to a strange place, among strangers, to face death.

"But, my dear sir, it is no question of dying if you go ashore," the doctor said, kindly; "it is only that you are unfit for the voyage. A little more rest—I suspect you did not take enough at Alexandria—will quite set you up. If you will permit me, I will see about apartments for you, and get you comfortably installed in the best hotel I can find."

"No, I thank you; my servant will do all that," Philip replied, querulously.

He was by no means ungrateful for the other's kindness, but he was worried and irritated at the vexatious delays of his journey. His illness was racking him all over, causing neuralgic pains in his limbs and head, which of themselves were very wearing; and the very sympathy of those about him seemed to aggravate the symptoms.

Malta was reached at night, and now that it was decided he should go ashore there the invalid's restless impatience to be gone, to try anything that might do him good, made him hurry away from the ship. With only the faithful Burroughs in attendance, he was wrapped in cloaks and lowered into a boat, to be rapidly rowed over the dark waters of the harbor.

The Euphrates steamed away with the earliest dawn Englandward, while Philip Reynell lay chafing at the stoppage of his journey, and refusing to see the obsequious landlord, or to have a doctor called.

"Let me alone for a few hours," he said to Burroughs; "all the trash they can give me will do me no good if it's only rest I want. Don't let that grinning baboon of a landlord, or any of the people, come near me, or they'll drive me mad. Get my writing things—you must write a letter for me."

"Very good, sir."

"Look here, I shall never get home alive, I can feel it now."

"Oh, don't say that, sir, you're low and weak, you'll feel different to-morrow."

"No, I sha'n't. I'm not going to write that to India, though. It's all up with me, my cousin will have Boscobel. Fancy that, Burroughs; fifty thousand a year and a fine old place like that to a fellow in a shop, it'll be a lift, won't it?"

"When he gets it, sir, and please Heaven that won't be just yet; you'll live to enjoy it for many a long year. Will you please tell me who you want written to?"

"To Colonel Branscombe, Allahabad. I'll dictate to you. No, hang it, I can't; my head's all in a muddle. You can write a decent letter, can't you?"

"Pretty well, sir."

"Then tell him how it is we came to be lying in this hole, what the doctors say, and all about it. Don't croak too much and frighten them. What time is it?"

"About four, sir."

"And you've been sitting by my side all night. I'll make it all up to you when we get home, my lad, if I ever do get home. Write away."

Burroughs arranged the paper and writing materials, and shading the lamp from his master's eyes, set himself to his task. He reflected a little, and then began:

"Quatre Saisons Hotel, Valetta, Malta,
Feb 28, 18—

"HONORED SIR.—I write at the request of my master, Mr. Philip Reynell, to tell you and Miss Branscombe that we are again detained by his illness. My master found that he could not bear the sea, so we came ashore here, and may probably remain some little time. He bids me say that he hopes you will not alarm yourselves unnecessarily about him, as the doctors assure him that perfect quiet is all he wants. He would write himself, but the fever and ague have left behind a painful nervous affection of the hands and feet, which makes holding anything almost an impossibility. Otherwise he is free from pain, only very weak. He will see Dr. Gnicoli, who is considered the best physician in the island, as early as possible."

"You write a deuced good hand," was Philip Reynell's comment on the letter, when Burroughs showed it to him. "I think that's all; just say I send my best love to them both, and all that, you know, and that I'll write by next mail."

He lay dreamily watching Burroughs as he settled to his task again. He was conscious of thinking what a gentlemanly-looking fellow his servant was, and what a good-shaped hand he had. Then he fell off into a doze, and left him to finish the letter as he liked.

But Burroughs never finished that letter. It might have been six o'clock, or thereabouts, when the whole hotel was roused by the violent ringing of a bell. Peal after peal went sounding through the whole house, bringing up the landlord, his servants, and as many of the guests as were awake at that time, in various stages of dishabille.

"Where is it? What is it? Is it fire?" were asked in various keys of fright and curiosity—and still the bell kept ringing as though the hand pulling it would never stop.

"It is from the English gentleman's room," a waiter said. "His servant is with him."

"Ah, these English are always in such a hurry," said a guest, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I dare say it is nothing more important than a pipelight, or a cup of coffee."

The landlord and one or two others had reached the door of Philip Reynell's room by this time, and knocked for admission.

"Break it open," he said from within. "I can't get up. Be quick!"

A vigorous shove from the shoulder of the man nearest to it sent the door crashing away from the lock, which was but slight, and an excited little crowd poured into the apartment. The lamp had burned out, and the heavy curtains shrouding the windows made it almost dark.

"Let in the light, some one," said Philip, from the bed, "and see what is the matter. I think my man is ill, and I am helpless, as you see."

Helpless? He seemed so indeed. The white hands were drawn up as if with cramp, and the face was all drawn with pain, while great drops of perspiration stood on his forehead.

"I thought I should have died, ringing that bell," he said. "I had to do it with my teeth."

He lay back quite exhausted while they opened the curtains and drew up the blind, and let in the gray morning light upon his pale face. They saw him for the first time, and marked how handsome and how ill he looked as he drew his breath in painful gasps.

"My man was writing a letter for me," he said, "and I suppose I went to sleep. I woke up, and found it dark, and I could not rouse him. Do you think he is in a fit?"

The landlord and one or two others lifted Burroughs up. He had fallen with his face on the table, among the sheets of paper, the pen still in his fingers. His face was very white, and his eyes closed. They laid him on the floor, and dashed water on his head; but he did not come round.

"Is it a fainting fit?" asked Philip Reynell, from the bed. Now that help had come, he seemed too exhausted to move. "Will no one fetch a doctor?"

"I am a doctor," said a tall, grave man, moving from Burroughs's side. "Doctor Guicoli, at your service."

"Ah, I meant to send for you to-day, and put myself in your charge. What is the matter with Burroughs?"

"He is dead, my dear sir!"

"Dead!"

"Yes. Death must have taken place at least an hour since—instantaneously, it appears. I should imagine it to be heart disease; but, of course, there must be an examination."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MATRIMONIAL STATISTICS.

Some curious facts are to be gleaned from the marriage statistics of various countries, as is shown by a recent article in Lippincott's Magazine. It is found that young men from fifteen to twenty years of age marry young women averaging two or three years older than themselves; but if they delay marriage until they are twenty to twenty-five years old, their spouses average a year younger than themselves; and thenceforward this difference steadily increases, till in extreme old age on the bridegroom's part it is apt to be enormous. The inclination of octogenarians to wed misses in their teens is an every-day occurrence, but it is amusing to find in the love-matches of boys that the statistics bear out the satires of Thackeray and Balzac. Again, the husbands of young women aged twenty and under average a little above twenty-five years, and the inequality of age diminishes thenceforward, till for women who have reached thirty the respective ages are equal; after thirty-five years, women, like men, marry those younger than themselves, the disproportion increasing with age, till at fifty-five it averages nine years.

☞ After the chaplain of the Wisconsin State Prison had taught a convict how to write, the fellow forged an order by which he made his escape.

☞ A San Francisco man who chewed gum, suspected his Chinese servant of pilfering the bits that he left in his desk, and neatly baited a trap for the Celestial thief by leaving some soft candies in the same place, having filled each bit of sweetness with Cayenne pepper. The Chinaman spent half an hour in close communion with the water-faucet, and pieces of gum are quite safe in that office now.

WHO WON HER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ANNIE H. JEROME.

PART FIRST.

THE PLOTTER'S SUCCESS.

By the mail running between a certain famed city and the town of L——, was transmitted the following:

"March 1st, 18—.

"DEAR THORNTON:—On the evening of the 10th of March your priestly services will be required by the happy writer of this epistle. Be here without fail. I always said you should tie the knot, and so you shall. But I prefer one urgent request. Let, I entreat you, the ceremony be shortened as much as decency will allow. Not one superfluous word, remember, to add to the severity of the ordeal.

"The programme is rather an odd one, as you will directly admit. The invitations just issued are for a charade party on the grandest scale, and no one suspects that two of the principal actors are to be made one in the closing charade. So be your own counsel, and oblige

"Your old friend,
"FIELD HILLMAN."

On the evening of the 10th of March, a gay and brilliant throng crowded Mrs. Harcourt's drawing-rooms, its undoubted purpose and right being to pass judgment on this the most *recherché* affair of the season. If Mrs. Harcourt's worldly heart had throbbed with anything like anxiety for the perfect success of her entertainment, it soon pulsated unalloyed elation and delight. On the lips of all criticism was the synonym of applause, and with infinite satisfaction she watched the approach of the evening's crowning marvel.

"But one more," sighed a young lady regretfully, lifting her eyes from the elegant little programme in her hand.

"The last, and I presume the best," answered the friend addressed. "But who appears this time? I lost my programme an hour ago, and have been dependent on the generosity of my nearest neighbor ever since."

"Field Hillman, Kathie Laird, and all the Wards, besides some whose names are unfamiliar."

"How perfectly love'y Kathie looks this evening."

"More than usually lovely, I think; and she is peerless at any time."

"Field Hillman would not dispute that," smiled the other, fixing her eyes on the two deep in an animated conversation at the opposite end of the room. "They would make a handsome couple. I wonder whether Mrs. Grundy speaks truth concerning them."

"Not she, indeed. Kathie—"

The sentence remained unfinished, the speaker's attention being attracted by a remark issuing from a lady whose wake had for years been disturbed by a long train of unmanageable daughters.

"Mrs. Harcourt has both taste and judgment, but a considerable degree of finesse," she sneered to another lady suffering from a like dispensation. "Ella Coane says Field Hillman and Miss Laird take part in this charade also. He would certainly be a great catch for a girl like Miss Laird, who, I suspect, has not a very heavy purse."

"In spite of my reverence for old age, I sometimes think the hot-bed of all uncharitableness rests in its bosom," indignantly whispered Ella Coane to her friend. "That is shameful! The whole world knows that Field Hillman has been Mrs. Harcourt's prime favorite since his boyhood, and long ago secured the *entrée* of this house for all times and seasons. Mrs. Harcourt, with all her worldliness, is far too high-toned to play the part of manœuvrer."

The more amiable of the two aged sufferers spoke here, her silent gaze coming back from the other end of the room.

"I don't know," she said, doubtfully; "I fancy Field Hillman would be doing as well as Kathie Laird. Her beauty and goodness would be a fair equivalent for his wealth and brilliant qualities."

"Field Hillman comes of the best stock in the land. Can Miss Laird say aught for her pedigree?" queried the other, whose hobby was "blood."

"Yes. A decayed family, poor as church mice. The father was a vagabond spendthrift, who dropped into his grave immediately on squandering the remnant of his wife's once handsome fortune, and left his family—Mrs. Laird and two daughters—to reap the painful consequences of his folly. They now live in very humble style at Cressington, and it is rumored that Kathie spent two winters here for the purpose of perfecting herself in the languages, with a view to a situation of some kind."

"It is said that Mrs. Laird's daughters insist on preserving their independence, and I think they are right. It must be a trial to Mrs. Laird, however, for she is excessively ambitious for them—weakly so, indeed."

"The case is more sorrowful than I imagined," sighed the querist.

"Still, it must be solid comfort to Miss Laird to reflect that her father, though a vagabond and spendthrift, made her the legatee of his blood, if nothing else. It's a great thing to know that *good* blood is flowing in one's veins. But have you any idea who that very plain-looking individual is within the circle gathered about Field Hillman and Miss Laird? He has the air of a high-bred man, but there is something clerical in his appearance, don't you think?"

"Where? Oh, I see. That is a friend of Field Hillman's, I understand—a Mr. Thornton. But I doubt his being a reverend. Field is hardly likely to fraternize with men of that profession.

Further discussion was here rendered inadmissable by the opening of the last charade. The word was one hackneyed by a multitude of charade players; but so admirably were theatric genius, fine scenic effect and appropriate costume employed, that perplexity still rested on the brows of the expectant throng when the concluding scene opened.

Simultaneously with the low murmur of admiration passed from lip to lip the smiling whisper, "Matrimony!" and then fell an almost oppressive silence in which Field Hillman and Kathie Laird became the cynosure of all eyes. The bride, though supplanted by a group of the fairest maidens, was a marvel of loveliness in her white satin, point lace and orange blossoms. But Hillman won successive rounds of soundless applause by what was conceived to be his fine assumption of the air of repressed emotion usually discernible about men on the extreme verge of matrimony. Consequently all were on the qui vive, secretly demanding and expecting an improvement on the spiritless representations approved by theatric canons, and were, perhaps, a little less shocked than they otherwise might have been, when a brief exhortation was followed by a quiet "Let us pray."

"Going a trifle too far," some of the more conscientious thought, the less deciding it was not a bad thing for effect. Many curious eyes flashed upon Mrs. Harcourt during that brief appeal to Divine Majesty, but her well-tutored face gave no sign. Indeed, had her disapproval been of the most positive character, she would on no consideration have sacrificed effect for the sake of a few conscientious scruples.

The exceedingly short ceremony was soon at an end, and the guests entering heartily into the spirit of the thing showered laughing congratulations and plaudits till Mrs. Harcourt gave the last effective touch by throwing open her superb refreshment-rooms.

Had Mrs. Harcourt been straying through some wonderful fairy grotto? Did she there learn that carpets might be of soft green moss? Was it there revealed that ceilings and walls might be a tangled, festooned mass of the wild wood's richest gifts, with singing birds flitting hither and thither? Did she there see that a mossy bank, boasting a trailing growth of flowing vines, might serve for a table? that the gold, silver and glass appendages of this might be heaped together with blossoms and ferns into strange pyramidal forms of marvellous grace and beauty? Did she there learn that lush fruits and wines ruddy and pale might be cooled in the spray of miniature fountains? Was it there she first beheld the wonderful tapers that shed their soft brilliant light over this inimitable scene, glimmering like stars through rank clustering vines and flowering arches? And was it there she found that a bride cake might be lost in a mammoth stand of orange blossoms, and jellies and ices in exquisite cups fashioned of white violets and lillies? Where but in fairy land could Mrs. Harcourt have gathered all the quaint, untold conceits that rendered her banquet the marvel of the hour?

And while time counted out the golden sands of her hours of triumph, another scene not hinted at in the elegant programme was in course of preparation. The Rev. Martin Thornton who for the last hour had been curiously expectant of the approaching eclaircissement, observed to Mrs. Hillman,

"The real and the unreal have been very charmingly blended this evening. Mrs. Harcourt understands to a nicety the art of massing agreeable surprises for the delectation of her guests. And, of course," he added sotto voce, "one cannot but anticipate a particularly graceful disclosure of the harmless fraud practised upon them."

The reverend gentleman found something rather singular in the astonished query dilating the eyes lifted to his for an instant, and secretly wondered whether he had been guilty of a blunder. The lady's reply came somewhat tardily, the problem of his late remark occupying her mind.

"That my aunt has studied effect with the most unrivalled success I think no one present would dispute. But—but will you pardon me if I express my surprise that you should have sought it so far as to introduce that prayer?"

A slight flush touched his forehead; but, like his fair interlocutor, he did not immediately speak. When he did, it was in the same discreetly modulated tone.

"You will pardon me, I am sure, if I reply that I am astonished you should have engaged a clergyman to officiate on this occasion, your sentiments being such as you intimate."

"I do not understand you," she returned, anxiety and amazement sharpening her voice strangely. "Mr. Hillman, will you interpret your friend's meaning for me?" addressing the newly-made husband as he turned from one of the bridesmaids, who had claimed his undivided attention for the last five minutes.

"What am I to interpret?" he asked gayly.

"There is no occasion, Mrs. Hillman, I will be my own interpreter," said Mr. Thornton, with a suspicion by no means pleasant. "Are you not aware that I am a regularly ordained clergyman?"

"You are a meddlesome puppy!" thundered Field Hillman, furious at this unexpected and premature disclosure, "and were it not for your sacred cloth, I would—"

Mrs. Harcourt's haughtily rebuking presence here imposed a timely check on his fierce speech. A flush effaced the angry pallor of his face, and he said in subdued tones:

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Harcourt. I forgot myself." Then, conscious that something more was necessary, he impetuously burst out, amidst a silence in which the faint rhythmic drip of the fountains was distinctly audible, "I beg your pardon not only for this ungentlemanly act, but for having abused your confidence and generous hospitality by making your niece my wife without either her or your knowledge or consent. This gentleman, presented to you simply as my friend, is the Rev. Martin Thornton of L——. And I would here most emphatically acquit him of the slightest complicity, assuring you that I alone am responsible for the whole, excepting this confession, which he has idiotically precipitated. Of choice I should have selected a more suitable moment than the present."

His clear, rapid enunciation was here broken by a ripple of passionate tenderness as he bent over the victim of his intrigue. From the first she had stood like a piece of sculptured marble, a mute speech on the pale, parted lips, and with horrified tension of the beautiful eyes fixed on his face.

"You will forgive me, Kathie?" he murmured.

It was as if cold marble had suddenly been gifted with life. Her slight, elegant form seemed to tower into majestic proportions; the wild horror died out of the eyes now blazing above the dilated nostrils and proudly curved lips. She spoke—

"Forgive you? Heaven may forgive you, but I never will!" Then with a swift motion toward Mrs. Harcourt, her voice rang the gasping appeal, "Help me, Aunt Florence, help me!"

Mrs. Harcourt, standing there the very impersonation of voiceless indignation and astonishment, had scarcely been aroused to speech and action by her niece's words, when the light figure swayed and fell a dead weight on Field Hillman's hastily extended arm.

"Follow me," she briefly directed, and utterly oblivious of the gaping, thunderstruck crowd, rapidly led the way to the hall.

The reign of silence was at an end. Inquiries beat like a hail-storm around Mr. Thornton's devoted ears. Conjectures and speculations flew madly from lip to lip. Sneers curved ugly lines about some mouths, and anxious sympathy tender ones about others. And this continued till a glimpse of Field Hillman dashing out of the house like a madman suggested to some thoughtful individual the propriety of ending the entertainment by an instant and unceremonious departure.

The fashionable world had barely breakfasted the next morning when Field Hillman, pale and anxious, was admitted to Mrs. Harcourt's boudoir. That lady received him alone, and with a graciousness wholly unexpected. To speak truth, Mrs. Harcourt's views had suffered a change since his bride's spirited command had sent him away half-frantic the previous night. Worldly wisdom, summoned to an early counsel, had promptly declared in favor of making the best of affairs as they stood. This decision chimed admirably with Mrs. Harcourt's tone of thought, it being undeniable that her secret wishes had long pointed to her niece's union with Field Hillman as presenting a golden possibility for the Lairds' broken fortunes. Consequently she was disposed to clemency, and met his impetuous entreaties with a promise to let bygones be bygones, and cast the weight of her influence on the side of his wishes.

"But," she returned in answer to his extravagant expressions of gratitude, "cherish no brilliant hopes. Kathie is made of sterner stuff than plastic clay, and there is, I am afraid, no love-tide to sweep her toward you. For all our sakes I wish there were. Why did you stoop to this villainous act, Field? Why entrap when you might have wooed?"

"Because I was a fool! a vain fool! Maddened by a consuming jealousy of those forever hanging on her words and looks, I dared not trust my chances against theirs without a bond to chain her thoughts to me; and hoping she cared somewhat for me said she would forgive. I see my folly, and yet cannot resign her. Perhaps she will consent to come to my home and bless me with her daily presence, granting me the one privilege of striving to win her full love. Do you think it, Mrs. Harcourt?"

"Truly I do not. You have caged a freedom-loving bird, and it will not yet feed from your hand nor sing at your bidding. Time, however, may, do much, and my influence shall never fail you."

"But supposing I should turn grandly magnanimous and aid her back to liberty; she would only hold herself eternally aloof from me for last night's work. No, I cannot do it! Mine she is, and mine she must remain. Free she never can be won—bond she may."

"*Who* is to win her, Field? you, or another?"

He started impetuously to his feet, and planting himself close in front of her, asked in low, husky tones—

"*Has* another done that, Mrs. Harcourt?"

She looked half-pitifully at the white face.

"No, Field, but another may. Don't shut your eyes to the possibility."

He turned hastily from her, and throwing himself into a chair, buried his face in his arms on the table before him. Mrs. Harcourt neither moved nor spoke, her thoughts wandering off to a certain day in her own life when her heart was younger and fresher. Presently he lifted his head and spoke.

"Should it ever come to that, Mrs. Harcourt, I would move Heaven and earth to set her free. Now may I see her?"

"She is not plastic, Field."

"Will she not grant me an interview?"

"I think it unlikely."

"Will you intercede for me?"

Mrs. Harcourt remained away a long time, and when she returned it was alone, and with a vexed and anxious countenance.

"It is useless to urge her. She will neither see you nor listen to your proposition. Had she one dollar she could call her own, an appeal to the law would speedily prove how slight the chain by which you hold her. But fortunately for you she is penniless, and in the cottage at Cressington there is nothing to spare, and the need there is too great to suffer her to do as she would choose with the profits of the situation she has resolved to fill. Besides that, she will find no active, sympathetic coadjutor in her mother. You will undoubtedly be a welcome son-in-law. So hope, Field, and wait as patiently as you can."

"You will lend her no assistance, Mrs. Harcourt?"

"To invite the curious gaze of the world? Not I!"

Two courses were now open to Kathie—a graceful acceptance of the name and tie thrust upon her, or a silent repudiation of both. She chose the latter; and with it the position of governess, far enough from the scene of her troubles to warrant a hope that her romantic story might never be wafted thither.

A worse man than Field Hillman would have persecuted her relentlessly; but he, contenting himself for the time with a complete knowledge of her designs and movements, quietly accepted her scornful rejection of his entreaties.

"I will wait the softening influences of time," he said to Mrs. Harcourt, and betook himself to another land, his chagrin and regret deepened by Kathie's cold admission during their one interview that he had destroyed forever a germ that might have developed into an ardent affection.

Still, this bitter draught had its atom of sweetness. It was something to know their natures harmonious; for that the mutual attraction was based on the mere semblance of harmony he would not believe.

PART SECOND.

THE TUTOR AND HIS SECRET.

More than a year had gone over. It was just after the annual flitting from town house to country-seat—just when the forests bloomed with white dogwood flowers. The domestic atmosphere was not quite serene at Thistlefell on this bright morning. Kathie Florence Laird had dashed its glory by resolutely washing her hands of the insubordinate heir of the house; a trying experience rendering it certain that the two little Sinclair girls were sufficient to fit her for canonization without the aid of the said heir.

Mrs. Sinclair, a weak, frivolous, indolent woman, who had won her talented husband by a face he once called beautiful, listened in speechless despair. But the husband's stern comment that the boy should be immured within a boarding school sent her from despair to hysterics, and on the prompt withdrawal of that motion she languidly slipped back to despair again, sinking into its deepest abyss when Kathie undertook to cut the Gordian knot by suggesting that a new governess should be installed at Thistlefell.

"Miss Floy"—for reasons which the reader can easily divine, Kathie had requested that she might always be addressed and introduced by this title instead of the more formal surname, and as it pleased Mrs. Sinclair to pronounce it a charming one, it was wholly adopted—"Miss Floy is all my heart could wish," she plaintively sighed. "She is not only useful, but ornamental, with her accomplishments, beautiful face and exquisite manners. I enjoy seeing her in my drawing-room much as I do that lovely Psyche you bought me. And besides, not one of my set has such a gem of a governess, and I parade her with more delight than you can imagine."

This little curtain confidence was amiably received by the husband, who admired and valued Kathie immensely, though for more solid reasons than those advanced by his silly wife. Recognizing, however, the fact that prompt measures were necessary, he evaded further confidences of the kind by proposing a tutor for Master Theo.

"A tutor! Delightful! I never thought of that, Arthur," and she considerately dispensed with the attack of hysterics just then imminent, and in the exuberance of her delight suggested: "I would procure a handsome one, dear. Miss Floy is so very lovely, and then I should have a pair of them. And think how charming it would be if they should happen to fall in love with each other! Oh, Arthur, be sure you engage a handsome man."

For a fortnight a diligent search was fruitlessly prosecuted, and Kathie began to wax impatient, when one morning Mr. Sinclair's office was invaded by an old college chum, met a few weeks previous after a separation of years, and cordially invited down to Thistlefell. In the course of conversation the difficulty was confided to the visitor.

An eagerness verging on impatience marked his manner as he listened to the brief detail. At its conclusion he started from his chair with a violence that sent it whirling backward to the floor, and seizing Mr. Sinclair's hand in a torturing grip cried impetuously:

"My dear fellow, I'm your man. Take me."

"You! You, Horace Rath, millionaire and sybarite!"

"Millionaire, sybarite, or what you please, Sinclair, I am yet a miserable devil!" Rath vehemently answered, righting the chair and flinging himself into it with an abandonment that bore witness to his truthfulness, "and the gift of this tutorship would make me your debtor for life."

"What's the matter, Rath? Come, out with it. I'll tell no tales."

"So I will!" And then he plunged excitedly into a story that held Mr. Sinclair an interested auditor for the next thirty minutes. "There! what do think of that, Sinclair?" he concluded, a biting self-contempt in his voice.

Mr. Sinclair shaking his head gravely without other comment, Rath continued:

"It might have been the work of a consummate villain, you think?"

"We won't mince matters, Rath; 'twas base enough, certainly. But you are no villain."

"Thank Heaven, no! And now what of the tutorship?"

"It is yours. Make use of it as long as you wish, never doubting I shall remain your staunch friend through all, let the end prove bitter or sweet. But your voice? Does it retain the old flexibility?"

"Judge for yourself." And he run it through some astonishing changes.

"That is an emphatic yes," commented the listener.

Not until the following day, after another interview with Rath, was Mr. Sinclair's success reported at Thistlefell. He ended with the hearty commendation,

"Horace Rath will be the right man in right place."

Whereupon a placid monotone issued from behind the tea urn:

"Is he handsome, Arthur?"

"You will not think so," was the dry rejoinder.

The monotone indicated a slight impatience.

"I am sorry. But tell us what he is like. I adore manly beauty, don't you, Miss Floy?"

"No, madam." Kathie answered, briefly, thinking of Field Hillman's fine head with its crop of curling brown hair.

"No? How singular!" ejaculated the admirer of handsome man, her husband bestowing a quick glance of curious scrutiny on Kathie's impassive face ere he replied:

"Then Miss Floy will be pleased with the new tutor. A complexion somewhat less tawny than an Indian's; a superabundance of straight, jet-black hair, with beard and moustache to match, and a pair of shoulders ugly enough to win for him the title of humpback, are not blemishes likely to offend her taste."

Mrs. Sinclair grew cold with horror at this description.

"Shocking! How could you engage such a creature, Arthur?"

He laughed amusedly, having fortunately learned the hard lesson of accepting the inevitable evils of his wife's silliness with a cheerful front.

"The creature is a gent'leman, Minnie, and will have the grace to look at you with a very fine pair of eyes, and to stand before you something less than six feet in his boots. In addition to that," he added more gravely, as he rose from the tea-table, "Horace Rath needs the place, and we know how much the place needs him."

Mrs. Sinclair at first accepted her misfortune, as she chose to term it, with more pouting than piety. But she soon cleared up, and on the following evening received the tutor gracefully enough, well aware that smiles were more becoming than pouts.

Nevertheless she fixed a critical eye upon him, and the result was that she liked him in spite of his being no Adonis, recognizing in him the cultivated, talented man who would command her respect, if not her admiration. And though he allowed his jetty hair to fall in most ungraceful style over his forehead, there was a certain amount of comfort extracted from the fact that he had, as Mr. Sinclair had stated, a very fine pair of eyes.

As for Kathie, she was not disposed to be critical. The tutor was a gentleman about to relieve her of a very troublesome responsibility, and that was the main point with her. His unsightly shoulders, and tawny, heavily-bearded face, disturbed Mrs. Sinclair only.

The tutor, however, as time went on, manifested a state of mind quite the reverse of this. "Miss Floy" was evidently an object of some interest in his eyes, taking his constant, though unobtrusive, efforts to gain her more particular notice and regard as a proof. And ere long Kathie acknowledged his charm. Mr. Rath's low, deep, and somewhat monotonous voice oftentimes held her a more than willing listener, with its offering of wit, sentiment, and learning; and one day he touched her woman's heart.

On that day he had been a long time moodily pacing with bent head and folded arms, one of the garden's pleasant mazes, when Kathie's voice at his side aroused him.

"For what are you searching, Mr. Rath, that you cannot be made to understand it is tea-time?" she laughed, adding as he turned hastily, "this is actually my third attempt to win your attention."

"I beg your pardon a thousand times," he returned, then in reply to her question: "I am searching for the philosopher's stone, Miss Floy, and just at the moment you spoke I was deep in some delicate experiments."

"If your search prove successful be good enough to transmute a little common ore for me, will you?"

"Wherefore? You are not a woman to care for gold."

"Indeed, you never made a greater mistake in your life. I care very much for it. That is, I care for what it would bring me. I like to travel; it would bear me through the sunny lands of which I can only read. I am tired; it would bring me rest. I love art; it would make me possessor of its finest inspirations—I adore luxury; it would wrap me in soft rich fabrics and surround me with ease. Can't you see from these my purely selfish aspirations, how much I care for money?"

"Have you ever been tested? Has the golden snare ever been warily spread for you?"

She flushed, a vivid remembrance of the time when Mrs. Harcourt had eloquently urged the convenient weight of Field Hillman's purse sweeping over her. Quickly observant of the flush he gave her no time to reply. Saying in tones deepened by emotion—

"And I, Miss Floy, I would give my all for *love!* That is the philosopher's stone I seek. Think how it would transmute life's meanest things for me!" And then with a sudden change from impassioned feeling to bitterness, he continued.

"I suppose you think that a man marked by such a blemish as this," touching the unsightly shoulders, "should not even dream of love, but I do! I do!" and his voice softened again into longing tenderness. "I crave a woman's love with a masterless craving of which you know nothing. I crave this great boon, and yet have not even a woman's deep friendship!"

Kathie fixed wistful eyes on his face for a moment, and then spoke warmly and winningly—

"Will you take me for a friend, Mr. Rath?" and she half extended her hand.

"Do you mean it?" he cried, grasping and almost crushing it as he eagerly searched her countenance. "*Do* you mean it?" he repeated half solemnly. "You will be granting me wine, life, a taste of paradise! Think before you speak."

Touched by his words and manner she answered earnestly—

"I mean it, and, Heaven helping me, I will be your true friend now and always."

He made no reply in words, but Kathie, looking at his face, and feeling the strong pressure of his hand, was well satisfied. Perhaps she would have been a trifle less so had she caught the passing gleam of triumph lighting his eyes as her own were withdrawn.

But happily for him it was unobserved, and taking good care during the weeks that followed, to preserve his vantage-ground, he began to hope for more than friendship. And soon his eyes expressed the hope so ardently, that Kathie resolved to make him the confidant of her story. And she did, though somewhat differently from what she intended.

It was done on one of the few days she could call her own. The children were away from home for a season, and Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair driving out with a bachelor guest—a family friend of advanced years who had arrived the previous evening. She was standing at the drawing-room window near sunset of this day when the tutor entered bearing a couple of letters.

"From mamma!" she exclaimed in surprise, taking the one offered, "and only three days since I heard from her;" adding as her eye caught the post-mark, "what can have taken her there just now?"

"Perhaps the query will be more satisfactorily answered by the interior," amusedly smiled the tutor, breaking the seal of his own letter. He had hardly read three lines when a fervent—

"Thank Heaven! Thank Heaven, I am free!" burst from Kathie's lips, drawing his eyes and attention wholly to herself. "He is dead!" she cried impetuously in answer to his mute inquiry. "Dead! dead! dead! and I can only say, thank Heaven! Mr. Rath, thank Heaven with me, for I am no longer bond, but free! See!" she exclaimed in the same wild, excited manner, placing herself beside him and pointing to the lines abruptly closing the letter. "See what Aunt Florence says," and she read hastily, "'You will allow me to approach the tabooed subject this once. I must tell you that Field Hillman is *no more*. While at Naples he fell—' You see? He fell ill and probably died there. But I forgive him now, though I should still hate him were he living."

Rath's tawny face, which had whitened at her first words, was ghastly now. But his monotonous tones betrayed no emotion as he asked:

"Who was Field Hillman, Miss Floy, and what was he to you? I may ask, since you have told me so much."

"Who was he, Mr. Rath? The man who stole all the freshness and bloom from my youth! The man who blasted the sweetest hopes a woman can cherish! The man who stooped to bind himself by the marriage vow a girl who had never consented to become his wife! Do you wonder I hated him and am glad he is gone? Have I not cause to say from the depths of my soul, thank Heaven? But listen, you shall hear all," and with rapid breath she described the scene enacted in Mrs. Harcourt's drawing-room. "Do you blame me for saying I am glad?" she concluded in less excited tones.

"It was a villainous deed. How could I blame you?"

"Yes," cried Kathie, "a villainous deed, and the deed of a villain!"

The tutor's hand grasped her arm.

"Be merciful!" he entreated in deep accents. "The man loved you! Be merciful, for you have granted me your friendship, and I too am an erring human creature!"

"Do you excuse him?" she asked a little passionately.

"I? Miss Floy, you can never condemn him as I do!"

And his voice was so sternly emphatic that Kathie turned a questioning glance upon him. The next instant he was saying:

"I see you hold another letter in your hand. Does it give further particulars?"

The question was put very quietly; but the heaving sheet, over which he crossed his arms as Kathie opened the indicated sheet, spoke of some powerfully repressed feeling. There was, too, a desperate blaze in the eyes fixed watchfully upon her face. But it died out as she began to rehold it with unchanged countenance.

"Mamma adds nothing to the intelligence," she said. "Only tells me she is with Aunt Florence, who, in consequence of a broken right arm, was obliged to send me an unfinished letter or none. And it is best so. 'Tis enough to know I am free," she concluded as she addressed herself to the perusal of Mrs. Harcourt's epistle, still unread, save the few closing lines first attracting her notice.

While she was thus occupied the tutor stood immovably before her gazing in deep, concentrated thought on the sunset-scene without, his dark face growing more and more sternly resolute every passing moment. At the refolding of the letter his eyes returned to her face. He drew a step back, and then said in tones so hoarse and unnatural that Kathie started:

"Miss Floy, I have that to say to you which can no longer be deferred. You have given me your friendship, and I fondly hoped to yet win your love. But it may not be. I also am a sinner. For a deed as villainous as that you have confided to me, I have repented in sackcloth and ashes, only to find that the woman I adore would mercilessly crush me with her scorn and contempt. And so I here resign my sweet, fond hope, and blust every present delight. The story of my error will not long detain you, and—"

Kathie's deprecating hand silenced him.

"Nay," she cried in quick, impetuous tones, "I will not hear it—you shall not so humiliate yourself. I can forgive. My—my friendship is unchangeably yours."

"If you could not, as you declare, forgive the living Field Hillman, how can you forgive me?" he asked.

"But Field Hillman wronged me—terribly wronged me," she cried impetuously as before.

"And I, Miss Floy," the tutor returned, in slow, deep accents. "I also wronged a woman! Is it a greater sin to wrong *you* than another?"

Kathie shrunk back at the blow, and before she had recovered herself he was saying—

"I must tell you, Miss Floy, and then I shall say farewell to you forever. No, not forever. In the next world I shall claim you, I believe; for our natures are in perfect harmony, erring mortal as I am. My farewell spoken, I shall see to it that what I have unrighteously taken is fully restored." He gazed a moment at Kathie's pale, drooping face, and then, in a voice broken and low, said—

"The woman of whom I would tell you, was—"

"Nay, again, Mr. Rath," interrupted Kathie, a wan smile touching her lips. "Nay, again. There come Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair with Mr. Guyon."

And Mrs. Sinclair's monotone had probably never been so welcome to her ear.

"You will give me a few minutes to-morrow?" the tutor hurriedly asked. "Honor bids me speak," he urged, observing Kathie's reluctance. "You will give me the time if I secure the opportunity?"

"Be it so," she answered, as the trio entered.

Mr. Guyon instantly addressed the tutor.

"Ah, Mr. Rath, here you are! I was just saying to Arthur that your name is one pleasantly familiar to me. When I was young I numbered a Horace Rath among my choice friends—and from the fact of your having his full name, I conceive you must be a connection of his, though how, I can't imagine. To be sure we lost sight of each other years before his death—which, if I mistake not, occurred less than a year ago, and many changes unknown to me must have taken place. Still, time could not have raised up a family of Raths, since Horace was the last of his name. It is very strange, when I come to think of it," he concluded with a puzzled countenance, impressed by the details he had volunteered. And then interrupting Mr. Sinclair, who essayed a remark on the extinction of certain families, asked abruptly—

"My dear sir, can you tell me whether the late Horace Rath was a relative of yours?"

Mr. Sinclair turned, with nervous haste, and addressed Kathie, who he observed was listening with keen interest. Her reply was not quite to the point; for, unaccountably to herself, she associated the subject with the sin of which Rath had spoken, and Mr. Sinclair's next remark was wholly lost in the clear, half-stern reply—

"The late Horace Rath, sir, was a relative, but—"

"So!" interrupted the old gentleman. "Well it is strange—but doubtless you can explain it all. Now so far as I know, he had but one male relative, and his name was—Hyle—Hylesides, I think; at least, something like it. And, by the way, it occurs to me I have heard this young man sowed some pretty wild oats once in a while. I think," he continued, hesitatingly, as with knitted brow he tried to recall some half-forgotten incident, "I think I heard of a rather recent escapade of his; but what, I can't—oh, I have it now! Didn't he entrap—"

The sentence ended in a groan, followed by a wail from Mrs. Sinclair, whose cherished Psyche lay a heap of ruins against the inquisitive old gentleman's sorest bunion. In the confusion that followed, the tutor made his escape, though not without Kathie's observing the smile of intelligence he exchanged with Mr. Sinclair. At a later hour these two gentlemen met in the hall.

"You must forgive my sacrifice of the Psyche, Sinclair," said the tutor. "At the moment it seemed the best thing to do."

"So it was, my dear fellow—and the next best thing is, for you to start at once on a collecting tour for me."

"No, I shall brave it out," returned the tutor, firmly.

"Brave it out! Why, man, he'll have your secret before you have been ten minutes in the room with him."

"Let him. There is nothing to lose, and the sooner it's over the better."

"Nothing to lose! Are you blind, insane, Rath?"

"Neither. But I intend to end it all, and that as quickly as possible. Come and see how I meet my fate," he concluded with a bitter smile, as he moved toward the drawing-room.

Mr. Sinclair caught his arm.

"Stay—think again, Rath," he urged.

"There's nothing to lose, I tell you," the tutor repeated, a little impatiently. And with the words he strode on, closely followed by his adviser.

As Mr. Sinclair had predicted, Mr. Guyon lost no time in returning to the charge, and Kathie, in spite of the unmeaning, monotones Mrs. Sinclair poured into her ear, heard, with half-hushed breath, every word. Soon the moment for which Mr. Sinclair waited, came.

"But what Rath was your father, sir?" Mr. Guyon inquired.

"My father was not a Rath," the tutor answered with a certain force that chained Mrs. Sinclair's attention likewise. "I was the nephew to whom you alluded a short time ago, and by my uncle's will became inheritor of his property, on condition that I assumed his full name. I had seen little of my uncle and thought less of him, and the double inheritance came to me as a surprise, and might have been rejected but for my mother's urgent wish."

"I knew I was right!" Mr. Guyon exclaimed, complacently. "I knew he was the last of the Raths! And so you were the Hylesides? I beg your pardon," he smilingly concluded, "for the freedom with which I treated your name."

"No occasion, sir," laughed the tutor, somewhat unnaturally. "That was not my name."

At this point Mrs. Sinclair started up, exclaiming, in languid surprise:

"And you are our Theo's tutor! How singular! Whatever induced you, Mr. Rath? Of course it was not the salary, as I have always supposed."

"Love made me Theo's tutor, madam," answered Rath, flashing a glance at Kathie's bewildered face.

"It did? Well I never would have believed your friendship for Mr. Sinclair was so deep." And she sunk back quite satisfied.

But Mr. Guyon was not satisfied, and put the entreaty:

"Be kind enough to set me right about the name, Mr. Rath."

"Certainly, sir," Rath answered, fixing his eyes on Kathie's face. "My name was Hillman—Field Hillman." And Field Hillman's own fine voice uttered the words. The pale but calm face with which Kathie dropped her eyes to the little bunch of scarlet geraniums Mr. Guyon had placed in her hand awhile before, half maddened him, and rising from his chair, he said, a light laugh on his lips: "I have been sowing my last wild oats, sir. Mrs. Sinclair, will you grant me your pardon if I remove my wig and confess to you that I have been masquerading a little?" And he bowed, carelessly running his fingers through his brown, curly locks. Mrs. Sinclair and her father's friend sat for a moment in silent, wide-eyed astonishment, both too obtuse to detect the reckless bitterness and desperation actuating every word and movement.

"I never heard of such a thing! Well, it beats all!" Mr. Guyon presently found voice to exclaim, while Mrs. Sinclair's outburst was sufficiently characteristic.

"To hide such beautiful hair! And—and pardon me, Mr. Rath—are the shoulders your own?"

Rath made no reply, a slight exclamation from Mr. Sinclair drawing their eyes to Kathie's white face and closed eyes.

"Miss Floy!" Mrs. Sinclair exclaimed. "She is ill—has fainted! And no wonder! The removal of that wig was enough to shock her. Indeed, I feel quite hysterical myself."

Before she had half finished Rath had lifted Kathie from the easy-chair in which she sat and placed her on a lounge. But on the appearance of Mrs. Sinclair's maid with the necessary restoratives he hurried to his room. Casting off the disguises assumed so hopefully on the day of his arrival at Thistlefell, he turned the key against Mr. Sinclair, and moodily walked the floor till a late hour sent him exhausted to bed.

He could have sworn he had but just fallen asleep, when he was awakened by a dense, suffocating smoke and the sound of his own name shouted by Mr Sinclair. Springing up he rushed to the window, and there beheld a terrified group gathered on the lawn. By the light of the roaring flames each face was easily scanned.

"Not there! not there!" he gasped as Mr Sinclair shouted up some unintelligible command.

Quickly he stood without the door; but only to be driven back by the flames greedily licking stairway and hall. Snatching the one light blanket from the bed, he dashed along the hall and down the passage leading to Kathie's chamber.

"Kathie! Kathie!" he shouted hoarsely as the door fell open before his quick hand. "Kathie, are you here?" glancing around the apparently tenantless room.

Even as he spoke a kneeling figure, half-hidden by the bed drapery, arose and staggered toward him.

"Quick! Kathie, quick!" he cried, rushing to her and rapidly enveloping her in the blanket. "There is not a moment to lose, the flames have reached the stairway."

"I know it, and I went yonder to die," she shudderingly replied.

"It will be an ordeal by fire, but if I save you I shall have atoned somewhat for the past."

As he caught her in his arms, she stayed him for one instant. "Hear me. I forgive you—I love you—forgive me!" she said in clear, solemn tones.

A glad "Heaven bless you!"—a swift kiss on the white lips, and he was again daring the hot flames.

At the stairway he hesitated appalled. "Death either way," he swiftly thought, and went leaping through the terrible barrier and soon stood in comparative safety at the hall door. The cry of thankfulness was yet on his lips when a loosened timber fell on his shoulder, sending him heavily to his knee. But ere the horrified exclamations from the watching group beyond had died away, he was again staggering forward. And forward he went till Kathie stood safe with the rest. Then he sunk exhausted to the ground.

One day shortly after these events Mrs Harcourt was saying to the happy Mrs. Rath:

"Indeed, Kathie, I was quite guiltless of any intention to deceive. For weeks and weeks I had been dying to send you the tidings; but when I requested your mother to inclose the letter I was so forgetful of the unfinished sentence as if it had never been commenced. I intended to say: 'At Naples he fell heir to a name and a fortune.'"

MEN WANTED.

BY DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

God give us men! a time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treachery and flatteries without winking.
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking;
For while the rabble in their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds—
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.

A Chapter on Women.

A woman, notwithstanding she is the best of listeners, knows her business, and it is a woman's business to please. I don't say that it is not her business to vote, but I do say that the woman who does not please is a false note in the harmonies of nature. She may not have youth or beauty, or even manner, but she must have something in her voice or expression, or both, which it makes you feel better disposed toward your race to look at or listen to. She knows that as well as we do; and her first question after you have been talking your soul into her consciousness is, did I please? A woman never forgets her sex. She would rather talk with a man than an angel any day. Womanly women are very kindly critics, except to themselves, and now and then to their own sex. The less there is of sex about a woman, the more she is to be dreaded. But take a real woman at her best moment—well dressed enough to be pleased with herself, not so resplendent as to be a show and a sensation, with the varied outside influences that set vibrating the harmonic notes of her nature stirring in the air about her—and what has social life to compare with one of those vital interchanges of thought and feeling with her that make an hour memorable? What can equal her tact, her delicacy, her subtilety of apprehension, her quickness to feel the changes of temperature as the warm and cool currents of thought blow by turns? At one moment she is microscopically intellectual, critical, scrupulous in judgment as an analyst's balance, and the next as sympathetic as the open rose that sweetens the wind from whatever quarter it finds its way to her bosom. It is in the hospitable soul of a woman that a man forgets he is a stranger, and so becomes natural and truthful, at the same time that he is mesmerized by all those divine differences which make her a mystery and a bewilderment.—*O. W. Holmes*

Do Horses Reason?

A gentleman says: "For the last two years I have driven my mare nearly every day over the same road. About one mile from my home are two roads, one leading to the church, the other to the depot. Now, six days in the week, I drive to the care, and on Sunday to the church. At the point where the roads separate, I give my mare her head, leaving her free to make her choice, and on week days she will go straight to the depot, and on Sunday she goes, of her own free will, to the church; I never knew her to fail me yet. It puzzled me for a long time to learn how she should know any difference in days; and I have come to the conclusion that she reasons from facts—facts connected with every-day life. On week days I start from my house in a carryall, thus making an entire change, both in time, place, and carriage; and from these facts she must be guided in her choice of roads. Many say this is instinct; if so, where does reason begin?"

ROMANTIC.

The Lowell Courier says: "There is near the Boston and Lowell Railroad, in Somerville, a handsome brick house, just discernable from the cars as they enter a cut on the road-bed, which has a romantic history. It was built by a rising young lawyer of Boston, who was engaged to be married. He had fully furnished the house, in anticipation of soon making it his home, with his young wife, when the engagement was broken off, for reasons which, if they could be related, would greatly add to the romance of the story. The disappointed lover shut up his new house, just as it was, declaring it should not be opened as long as the would-have-been bride should live. That was nearly twenty years ago; and the furnished but untenanted house still stands closed, just as it was prepared to welcome its expected mistress."

Rather Hard to Believe.

A clerk in a large mercantile house in Omaha was robbed of five thousand dollars belonging to his employer. Writing to his father concerning the misfortune, the latter was troubled in mind, and dreamed he saw the robbers in a certain hotel in Omaha counting over and talking about said money. On writing to the son, the hotel register was consulted, and the names of the young men, John B. Wilson and James Frank, found inscribed there, who, on being followed up, confessed the crime. Nearly all of the money was recovered, and the offenders sent to the penitentiary.

THE FRENCH COUNTESS.—There is a chateau near Paris in which a party of the Prussian guards were quartered, all of them men of great stature, six feet and over. The chateau belonged to a sprightly little French countess, who, rather than leave her house, stayed behind and did the honors of it to her enforced guests. A superior officer, referring to these gigantic soldiers, said to her, "Are they not splendid fellows?" "Pooh!" she replied, "what's the good of them? You can't kiss one of them unless you have a ladder."

☞ A New York auctioneer, who has been severely tried by the uncertain whims of lady customers, says: "The presence of those who attend merely to see the fun is endurable—but the lady who bids a certain article of cloth up to nine cents a yard, and when it is knocked down to her desires to take one yard, he regards as a blot on the civilization of the nineteenth century."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ A St. Louis girl advertises for the man who saved her from drowning.

☞ A mouse with white feathers in place of fur is on exhibition in St. Louis.

☞ An Essex street boy made a very handsome snow man about seven feet high, Saturday, and robed it with his mother's sixty-dollar Paisley shawl. He is saddest when he sits.

☞ A Peoria man stayed out in the yard until two o'clock, the other night, trying to freeze his dog to death. Five doctors' buggies were standing in front of his house the next morning, and his dog is sucking eggs by day, and howling by night, as usual.

☞ Young lady (who is tired of his company:) "You ain't a bit nervous, are you, Mr. Post? All my gentlemen acquaintances start when it strikes twelve."

☞ Germantown wants to have a goat show, with a prize for the Capricornus which can destroy the greatest amount of shrubbery in a given time, and for the one that can chew the heaviest week's wash off the highest clothes line.—*Philada. Bulletin.*

☞ A saw-mill man at Muskegon has been pressed so flatly by a saw-log rolling over him, that when standing edgeways to the sun he can't even cast a shadow.

☞ An absent-minded Danbury lady, on Monday, tied a bed-quilt she had just washed, in a rocker in front of the stove, and pinned her baby to the clothes-line.

☞ John Gratreiger, of Louisville, took down an old musket and shot at a turkey. The charge went out at the wrong end of the gun, and Mr. Gratreiger was swept up on a dust pan.

☞ Says the Old City Derrick: "The Courier says the bar of Titusville is fully represented at Meadville. The bars of Titusville are fully represented down here oftener than we wish they were."

☞ Sewing Machine agents do not seem to do well in Japan yet, owing to the people not being educated up to the standard of patience required to endure the efforts of this class. Recently the body of an agent was found in four pieces nailed to trees with his sample machine converted into kindling-wood near by.

☞ Tim Jackson, a leading "banker" of Fort Scott, Kansas, has disbursed $2,000 to build a new church. His bank is named after one of the old Egyptian kings.—*Chicago Post.*

☞ A young man at Waterbury, Connecticut, has been turning all the ladies' heads, by wearing thick boots and coming to church late.

☞ Wanted—A boy who can spear cockroaches. We want him, and we must have him. None but experts, however, need apply, as our cockroaches are sly, deucedly sly.

☞ The Detroit Tribune says: "A very common epitaph in Arkansas cemeteries is, 'We will meet in Heaven, husband dear.' This may explain why the men of Arkansas are generally conducting themselves so as to go to the other place."

☞ A poetic Hibernian explains that love is commonly spoken of as "flame," because it is a tinder sentiment.

☞ The Chicago papers are cheerful sheets. The Times' "heads" for the mortality tables of its city are something like this: "They Would Not Live Always." "One Hundred and Eighty-five Who Refused to Stay Any longer."

☞ A man in Southampton, England, has become insane through having been arrested three times on account of mistaken identity.

☞ In the dim, uncertain light of early morn, a gormandizing West street youth lathered his pancakes with mustard in mistake for syrup, and would have probably perished from internal combustion had it not been for the prompt application of a garden hose.

☞ An undertaker in Macon, Georgia, pays for the advertisements of any physician who will agree to recommend his services.

☞ Slowly, but surely, the great of the world are passing away, and none remain to fill their places. To the long array of brilliant and famous men lately deceased we are now obliged to add that of Mr. Ephraim O. Mitchel, the "champion clam digger," of Bridgeport, Connecticut.

☞ Platte county, Nebraska, wants somebody to do something wicked. It has a nice, commodious county jail, but for eighteen months past has been unable to get a single prisoner to put therein.

☞ A Louisville merchant wants the contract to supply Brigham Young's family with crape and bombazine when he dies.

☞ A school-boy in Virdin, Illinois, who was "kept in" during recess, has sued the schoolmaster for false imprisonment.

☞ A Maine paper tells the story of a judge in that State who fell asleep upon the bench during the trial of an important case. He woke up, as a counsel was urgently appealing to him, and remarked, "Wife, wife, isn't it most breakfast time?"

☞ A lady of a literary turn writes to know if she can pay for her paper by writing poetry. Oh, certainly, we will allow three cents a pound for manuscript poetry, or she can darn our stockings for the amount—it's all the same to us. We are in favor of patronizing home talent.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

☞ A traveller in Texas was invited to drink at a small town where he had stopped. He says: "I woke up next morning and found myself on top of a hay-stack, my horse eating from said stack, with my coat on, and myself with both arms inserted through the stirrups of my saddle, and the strangle around my neck as a necktie."

☞ When Professor Agassiz says that "trilobites are not any more closely related to the phyllopods than to any other entomostraca, or to the isopod," we are glad to find that our opinion is sustained by such an able authority. But the Cincinnati Times by no means admits that any ties of consanguinity exist between the tetradecapods and the mudscooterygii.

☞ A red rose-bud rubbed on the cheeks is a safe and perfectly effective substitute for *rouge poudre*; so we are assured by several young ladies who consider cosmetics "disgusting," says the New York Mail.

☞ There is always something lacking for perfect human contentment. Salisbury, Conn., for example, has a beautiful new cemetery, which it proudly regards as "superior to many of the race-courses in the State;" but, alas! there isn't a doctor in the place, and the most attractive vaults actually go begging.

☞ How He Won Her.—Horace F. Clark, Vanderbilt's son-in-law and right bower, was once one of the most eloquent lawyers of this city. One day, being poor, he went into Vanderbilt's office and said: "Commodore Vanderbilt, I like your daughter, and she likes me; I want your consent to my marrying her!" "Ah!" said the old man, cynically, "you want my money, do you?" Clark turned toward the door, and said: "Oh, you and your money be——!" "Stay, young fellow!" shouted Vanderbilt, "come back here; you can have her!" So he married the girl, left law, went into Wall street, and is worth twelve to fifteen millions.

MRS. RUDWAY, of White Plains, N. Y., has had a Grover & Baker Machine six years, during which time she has earned on it five hundred dollars, besides doing her family sewing, and has used only one dozen needles.

$1,000 Reward is offered by the proprietor of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for a medicine that will equal it in the cure of Bronchitis, severe Coughs, and the early stages of Consumption. 612.

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Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1873.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

BEAUTIFUL NEW PREMIUM CHROMO.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" call the attention of the ladies to their Magazine, as being just what a Lady's Magazine should be. Edited by a Lady, nothing but what is of the most refined and elevating character ever is admitted to its pages. Its Engravings, its Fashions, its Stories all bear evidence of the same refined and cultivated taste, which has endeared it to thousands of readers.

It will continue to publish Serials, Short Stories, Poetry, &c., from its old list of talented contributors. Among the Serials we may announce:—

THE MASTER OF GREYLANDS.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Lady Adelaide's Trial," etc.

UNA AND HER PRINCE.

By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "Una and Her Lions," etc.

A GIRL'S ROMANCE.

By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Queen Coquette," etc.

A NOVELET.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "An Everyday Heroine," etc.

A NOVELET.

By Miss FANNIE HODGSON, author of "Kathleen's Love Story," "Rachaire," etc. (Miss Hodgson's Novelet will run through the whole year.)

FASHIONS, FANCY WORK, ETC.

Fine Engravings of the Fashions will represent the latest styles in Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Hats, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character, embracing pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections. These choice and elegant Engravings are a special feature of this Magazine, and should entitle it to the preference over all others.

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A piece of the latest and most popular Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth double the price of the Magazine.

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Sewing Machines, Plated Ware, Gold Chains, &c.

Those desiring to get up Lists of subscribers to the Lady's Friend, will be well compensated. The list of Premiums is the same as for the Post.

"LITTLE SAMUEL."

A beautiful Scriptural Chromo of the Child-Prophet Samuel, starting up from his sleep at the call of the Lord, and which has all the rich and glowing colors of a fine oil painting—will be sent to the getter-up of every club, and, *under special rates*, to every subscriber. This Chromo is copyrighted, and the regular price of it is Five Dollars. It cannot be obtained for less than that price, except in connection with "The Lady's Friend," or "The Saturday Evening Post." It is twelve by fifteen inches in size.

TERMS—With the Chromo—Always in Advance.

One copy of The Lady's Friend, and one copy of the Chromo of "Little Samuel,"	$2.50
One copy of the Lady's Friend, one of "The Saturday Evening Post," and one Chromo of "Little Samuel,"	5.00
Four copies of the Lady's Friend and four Chromos (and one Chromo gratis),	8.00
Eight copies of The Lady's Friend, and eight Chromos, (and one copy each of the Magazine and Chromo gratis, for the sender of the club),	16.00
Additional subscribers may be added to the above clubs at	2.00

☞ These clubs can be made up of THE LADY'S FRIEND and "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST" conjointly, if 50 cents is added for each number of THE POST taken.

TERMS—Without the Chromo—Always in Advance.

Without the Chromo, we will send the Magazine at the old rates. One copy for $2.00. Four copies for $5.00. Eight copies (and one gratis to the sender of the club) for $12.00. All additional at $1.50. Copies of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST can be taken in these Clubs at $2.00 apiece, which is now THE POST'S lowest Club price. The Chromo of "Little Samuel" will be sent to the *sender* of each Club, as a special reward for his or her trouble; and to each club-subscriber for one dollar extra.

One copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND ($2.00) and one of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST ($3.00) for $4.50.

OUR STEEL ENGRAVINGS.—Any one entitled a Chromo, may take in its place, if he so desires, a copy of either of our handsome Steel Engravings, "The Sisters," "One of Life's Happy Hours," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

☞ Those desirous of getting up a Club, or a Premium List, shall have a copy of the Magazine sent to them gratis. They would also find it advisable to remit one dollar, for which we will send a copy of the Chromo of "Little Samuel" in addition. They must state expressly, however, that they wish the Chromo for this purpose, or else it will not be furnished. If the Chromo gets seriously injured in canvassing for subscribers another will be sent to replace it.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order.*

☞ Ten cents should be forwarded *to all cases*, to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo.

Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND, 20 cents.

☞ A Kansas paper announces that one Colonel ——, having failed in his candidature for the State Senate, has reopened his gambling hell in Leavenworth.

☞ The question agitates Lawrence, Kansas, "Should a young man leave his music lesson to split wood when his mother is at home and in perfect health?"

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1873.

TERMS---Always in Advance.

"LITTLE SAMUEL."

A beautiful Scriptural Chromo of the Child-Prophet Samuel, starting up from his sleep at the call of the Lord, will be sent as a Premium to *every* single ($2.00) subscriber, who sends on ten cents to pay the expense of mailing, &c. It will also be sent to the getter-up of every Club.

RATES:

Single copy, $3.00 a year, payable in advance, not including postage, which is twenty cents a year, and payable at the office where the paper is received. Every single ($3.00) subscriber will be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, "LITTLE SAMUEL," or to either of our large and beautiful Premium Steel Engravings—"The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon." [Ten cents must always be remitted to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo or Engraving.]

One copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST ($3.00) and One of THE LADY'S FRIEND ($2.00) for $4.50. Or, if the Premium Chromo or an Engraving is desired in addition, $5.10.

One copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST (with the CHROMO, or one of our STEEL ENGRAVINGS,) and a copy of "PEMBERTON; OR, ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO" (postage paid), for $4.50.

One copy of PEMBERTON (postage paid) $1.75.

TO THOSE WHO DESIRE TO GET UP CLUBS.

If you wish to get up a club for THE POST, send us your name, and we will forward you, *free of charge*, a number of specimen copies of the paper, so that, with them, you can give your neighborhood a good canvassing.

TERMS OF CLUBS. For $3.00 we will send four copies of THE POST for one year to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending the Club shall be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, or to either of our beautiful Premium Steel Engravings, "The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

For $10 we will send eight copies to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending this Club shall be entitled to a copy *free*, and to a copy also of the Premium Chromo, or to either of our Premium engravings.

The senders of Clubs can afterwards add single copies at $3.00 each.

Any club-subscriber wishing the Chromo or an Engraving must remit *one dollar extra*.

The above Clubs may be composed partly of THE POST and partly of THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired. The subscriptions to The Lady's Friend can be taken at $1.50 apiece, instead of $2.00. Thus four copies of THE POST, and four of THE LADY'S FRIEND will be sent for $14, and in the same proportion all through.

Special offers to those who wish to make up premium lists, will be found under that head.

CLUBS OR LISTS WITH CHROMO. Those desirous of getting up clubs with the Chromo, or Premium Lists, should remit one dollar, for which we will send them a copy of the Chromo. When the Club or List is forwarded, in case the Chromo has been injured in canvassing for subscribers, another will be sent to replace it.

☞ No deviation allowed from our regular terms. If less money is sent, the paper will be sent for a proportionate period.

WE WILL SEND YOU ANY NEWSPAPER OR MAGAZINE YOU WISH, IN CONNECTION WITH THE POST, AT A REDUCED PRICE—as follows: Any Paper or Magazine the regular price of which is $1.00 at 87 cts.; regular price $2.00 at $1.75; regular price $2.00 at $2.50; regular price $3.00 at $2.62; regular price $4.00 at $3.50; regular price $5.00 at $4.50.

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☞ When additions are made to clubs, the new subscriptions must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to our order*.

☞ Ten cents should be forwarded, *in all cases*, where subscribers are entitled to and wish the Chromo or an engraving, to pay the expense of mailing.

☞ BE CAREFUL IN OPENING THE WRAPPERS OF THE CHROMO OR ENGRAVINGS. Our subscribers are enjoined to be very careful in opening the wrappers of the Chromo or Engravings when they are received lest they should injure them.

Address H. PETERSON & Co.,
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

THE PREMIUM CHROMO.

In answer to a number of letters we are compelled to say that the second lot of our Premium Chromo, "Little Samuel," is not finished. We find that when our artists say weeks, they mean months. So many colors have to be put on—each color having to be perfectly dry before the next—that the manufacture of a Chromo is a very tedious work indeed.

There is no help for this delay, for we can only "hurry up things" by spoiling the pictures. Steel engravings, the plate once engraved, can be furnished with comparative rapidity—but Chromos are an entirely different matter. Colors will not dry one day sooner, especially in bad weather, no matter how much the publisher or his subscribers storm.

We *hope* in a week or two now to have the second edition complete, when we shall immediately order a third. In the meantime, however, those who are too impatient to wait for the Chromo, can have their choice of either of our steel engravings—"The Sisters," which is a charming picture, and from an artistic point of view the finest engraving we have; "The Song of Home at Sea," a touching design; and "Washington at Mount Vernon."

LETTERS FROM ZIG.

WHY IT IS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A lady who calls herself Aunt Mattie writes to say that for two weeks she has been trying to prepare a short article for THE POST, and has to give it up at last. She wonders why it is. At the same time she confesses to the interruptions of three good-for-nothing, gossipping women, and a boy with a cut finger, all in the short space of half an hour or so.

It's my opinion that Old Nick himself couldn't write even a "short article" for THE POST under those circumstances.

Aunt Mattie has written out the open secret of why women hardly ever do anything worth speaking of in this world. It's because they fool away their time and strength over about a million things which are of no account to anybody in particular. No human being, no, not a demi-god, could be at once social, domestic, literary, kitchen-girl, tailoress, surgeon, gossip, and the Lord knows what. If a woman is a live mother and practical housekeeper, that's enough,—and to save her soul she can't be anything else, if she minds the mother business and the housekeeper business well. If a woman wants to be a close and successful student, she can't fritter her life away over darning together log-cabin quilts, patching up stool-covers out of scraps of silk about as big as your thumb nail, and rolling up a "footy" little wad of tatting-work, and going off to despicable tea-drinkings and gossips among her chums. Of all punishments in this weary world, may the Lord deliver us from that detestable woman's fashion of spending afternoons and tea-drinkings! I should say it was "spending" an afternoon,—spending half a dozen or more God-given, golden hours wantonly and wastefully, without ever getting back any equivalent. You never in your life saw a woman that was a chronic afternoon-spender who was a credit to her sex in any manner whatever. One of these abominable visiting women used to come to my mother's, a long time ago, I remember, and she always had grease-spots on her dress, and one or two dingy-eared, ill-mannered children with her. She was "kin to us," and we couldn't get rid of her. From that day to this I've always had a mortal horror of the botheration of everlasting, long-tongued visiting women. If one of 'em would come to my house, I'll declare I wouldn't give her a bite to eat. I'd starve her out.

But all this is not exactly to the point. Suppose our friend Aunt Mattie would really wish to turn scribbler. People can do whatever they please in this world, but they can do but one thing. If Aunt Mattie wanted to turn scribbler, first thing she would have to turn out-doors, neck and heels, her whole crop of tiresome, shallow, women gossips, and bolt her doors on 'em, and never "go to see" anybody, or never let anybody come to see her. How would she like that, never to go out calling, or to "spend the afternoon," or to go on a visit of a few weeks, or never to go anywhere except on business? That's the way men do, you know, and that's the way women have to do, if they ever make the slightest headway in any sort of trade. Again, how would Aunt Mattie like to stay away from the charmingest of social evening parties and go to bed, because if she stayed out at night, it turned her all up-side-down so she couldn't write next day? How, in a word, would she like to give up darning together the log-cabin quilts, and patching up stool-covers out of scraps of silk the size of her thumb nail? She would have to give up all that, and much more, if she joined the ignoble army of scribbling martyrs. Because it's a serious business, and no fun, this turning your brains into bread and butter, and your bread and butter back again into brains.

Margaret Fuller says that the besetting sin of woman is littleness. She has so many that it's hard to tell which is the besettingest, but a lack of steadiness of concentration is one of her worst. She fritters her life away over contemptible trifles. She gives up her time to the gossips, and her golden hours to tomfoolery. She does a little of this, that and the other, and nothing well, and nothing worth while, until her mind becomes like her time, of no particular value to herself or anybody else. I know a young woman who can draw a little, paint a little, sing and play a little, make wax flowers and weave hair-work a little, teach school a little, sew quite neatly, and work at shoemaking a little, cook, wash and iron about as other women do, can garden and botanize a little, besides being a most unmerciful gossip and story-teller, and yet with all these many and varied accomplishments the young woman can't possibly earn her own living.

I know that the work of mothers and housekeepers is necessarily made up of broken half-hours and many-colored patches and patterns; but even mothers and housekeepers could divide their time, throw the useless trash and tea-drinkings out the window to the dogs, and work according to a plan. Above all, they might arrange their lives so they wouldn't be worried with the botherstion of visiting women. For there is neither sociability nor sense in tea-drinkings and visiting women.

As for the single woman, and the married woman who is unoccupied with the pleasant cares of house and babies—as for these, they can do anything in this world they like. Only I say one person can't do everything. Maybe through the ages of eternity we'll have time to do all and learn all. Even there, though, I imagine we'll have to take it one thing at a time. But here one person never can do but one thing well, and some folks can't do that. So the woman who would do well here below must select out one work, the work she likes best, or which seems to be her duty, and labor with might and main at that one work, and hang to it till she dies, thinking earnestly over it while she is awake, and dreaming over it when she is asleep, looking neither to the right nor left, yielding to no flowery temptations of ease or idleness by the wayside, taking courage from disappointment, and learning from failure only the grim lesson of more strength and pluck for new effort. The woman who can't do all that will never succeed in anything; the woman who can do it will inevitably succeed gloriously at last. For always—"To the woman who can conquer, a triumph is awarded." ZIG.

WISHING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

How often we hear people *wishing!* One says: "I wish I was rich;" another, "I wish I was famous;" this one wishes for a "fine house," that one for a "nice horse," and the other one for a "great name."

Now *wishing* would be all well enough if it led to *action*. But what is the use of sitting still and indulging in this aimless longing and letting many a golden opportunity slip by.

Why don't you go to work? You have a strong frame and good health. There is plenty to do and all nature bids you do it.

Do you see that little bird busily engaged upon its tiny nest and cheerfully singing the while? Listen, its joyous voice is chanting "Labor is worship." Do you suppose Madame Robin sat still upon some twig and dolefully said—

"I wish my house was built?" Do you suppose the busy bee keeps still within his hive and *wishes* for honey? No, indeed! It goes to work, and the burden of its hum is "Labor is worship."

"Labor is worship!" 'the wild bee is ringing—
"Labor is worship!" the robin is singing.

And will you with your strong reasoning faculties be less wise than a bird or bee?

What if you are poor and unknown? What if your genius is unrecognized? What if the *rich* man does pass you by with a supercilious bow? What if the dust is thrown upon your ragged coat-sleeve? Will you stand there and let it be thrown in your eyes too? What hinders the man you envy from being what you are? Not wishing, I will wager.

A few years ago there landed in New York a bright Irish lad. Everything was new and strange to him. No friends, no home, and but twenty-five cents in his pocket. But he had an indomitable will and untiring energy. He did not spend his time in *wishing*, but went to work with all his might, and from a forlorn newsboy he rose to be one of our most honored "merchant princes."

Washington was a surveyor, and *worked* his way up. One of the most noted generals of the Revolutionary War, was a common blacksmith; Franklin, the wise and good, was a printer; "Fanny Fern," when she first entered the literary field, was too poor to hire her clothes *ironed;* and the noble Emily Judson was taken from the street, by some charitable lady. Do you suppose, if they had spent their time in *wishing*, they would have attained the enviable position they finally secured? They worked with a firm heart and resolute will, fully determined to surmount every difficulty. And are you less resolute than they? Will you stand by and see others pass you and seize the bright star for which *you* are *wishing?* Do you not live in a country of free schools, free labor, free press, free speech, free *everything?* Then what are you sitting idle for? You can do *anything*, if you will only try. Why don't you elbow your way up? Why don't you say: "I *will* be something," and then leave no stone unturned until you accomplish your object. Out upon your silly fretting. Be a *man*, be a *woman;* and with your eye firmly fixed upon the top of the hill, don't let every little stone hinder you.

I have no patience with these silly, idle, dawdling apologies for men and women, who are eternally wishing for something better, but who are too lazy or stupid to make their lives anything but a burlesque. From all such, Good Lord, deliver me.

NANNIE.

MUSINGS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What bearest thou, life? what gifts fill up thy palm,
To strew our path adown the shaded slope?
Shall magic winds rise from this moonlit calm,
Buds burst to bloom, enjoyments spring from hope?

Each circling year is like "a tale oft told;"
And thoughtful musings show us all the past,
Its ravelled netting, its torn threads of gold,
With here and there a bright ideal cast

Into the dim real. What cloudy ways we found
As striving for the ascent we wandered on,
Sending our hopes with fancy starward bound
Where youthful dreams had pictured fairest dawn.

Oh, years! that fill the measure of all life,
By whose relentless fates our goals are set
More distant as we near them, in the strife,
We enter hopefully each day. And yet

Your dawns all whisper hopes your noons deny;
Or fame, or wealth, or love, or science stands
So far beyond our measure of the way,
And beckons still with fair beseeching hands.

We pause and look. Is this our envied height?
These barren steeps to which we fondly soared
With wings weighed down, and oft disturbed flight,
And has life's noon her richest sunshine poured?

Ah! should we murmur? (come alike to all
The earthly weights which dustward mortals keep)
Or shrink to feel the blows that mutely fall,
Or trumpet grief when all alike must weep?

No; garnering still the joys that crown the strife,
And culling flowers along the thorny way,
Still on. The quick pulse thrills with newer life;
Some morn will dawn that holds a perfect day.

Still on; though all our future ways are hidden,
Though darkening shadows round our pathway fall,
Until we find the peace that comes unbidden,
Out of the great hereafter. "God knoweth all."

LUCERN ELLIOTT.

"SEWING-MACHINE AGENTS."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Some time ago I read Zig's complaint of sewing-machine agents, and at that time was utterly unable to sympathize with her; but *now* I can extend my hand to Zig and tell her that her words have found an echo in the heart of at least one of her readers.

I am all alone this evening, and after dropping the curtains, I seat myself near the blazing wood-fire, and prepare myself for a cosey chat with the dear old Post. I have the happiness of living in a small village (in the "Old North State,") only a few years old, and until lately we were in blissful ignorance of sewing-machine agents, though for some time past, we have had a plentiful sprinkling of insurance and book agents. I do not wish it understood that we were so far behind the times that there were no sewing-machines in the place—far from it, for there were a good many, but they were purchased by families in other places before they moved here. But there had been no agents here until about a year ago some evil spirits prompted one to come, and being successful in selling several machines, I suppose others heard the news, and since then they have followed fast enough, but generally one at a time until lately, and now there are *four* here. Just think of a village of five hundred inhabitants visited by *four* sewing-machine agents. Oh, what have we done to merit this punishment?

They always wish to place one of their machines in the house, and offer to teach the lady the use of it, thinking that after she learns it she will not be willing to give it up, and I confess this is often the case, especially if it is the only one she has ever used.

But the impudence of some of these agents is astonishing: take for example, a case that occurred here last week. This agent placed his machine in the house of a gentleman who already had one on trial that he was much pleased with, and had almost completed the bargain for it. Agent No. 2 was told that this was the case, but of course he did not mean to give it up so, but left his there, telling them that he would call around in a few hours, and show them how to work it. The family wished to be polite, and thought it could not possibly do any harm to let the machine stay in the house; as they had already told him that they did not wish his machine. He went away and left machines at several other houses, and was invited to take dinner at one of the places, where he *happened* to be at dinner-time, and of course he did not refuse. In a city he would not have received any such invitation, but the inhabitants of small towns and country people, are much more hospitable than those of the cities; and nowhere will a more generous people be found than in *our noble old state;* for I have tried several, and know that *nowhere* have I seen strangers treated with more courtesy.

But I have turned from my subject, though what follows will only prove the truth of such remarks; yet let no one think that we all have so much long-suffering, for there is a time when "Patience ceases to be a virtue."

Late in the afternoon, this agent returned to the house where he had left his first sewing-machine, and busied himself in showing the young ladies how his machine worked, until tea was announced. He readily accepted the invitation to tea, and afterward drew up a chair to the fire, and with the utmost nonchalance took a *smoke*, without asking if it offended, and joined in conversation, and seemed perfectly at home, until bedtime. In vain did they intimate that it was their hour for retiring, but he made no motion to go; so all the family left him except one of the young men. At last he remarked that he was getting sleepy, and believed he would go to his room, thinking the fellow would thus be *compelled* to leave, but he was "reckoning without his host"—for instead of that, the agent slapped him familiarly on the shoulder, and said,

"All right, I'm sleepy too, so let's go to bed," and then followed him up to his room and *slept* with him.

Next morning he was called, but did not appear until breakfast was over, and when they informed him that this was the fact he said,

"Never mind, just boil me two eggs, and make me a cup of hot coffee, and that with anything you have left will do very well for me."

The lady of the house was perfectly overwhelmed at his cool impudence, but the gentlemen had all gone to their places of business, and she did not know how to get rid of him; so gave him his breakfast, and then he left, saying that he would call around in a few hours, and show her something new in his machine. She told him it was not necessary, as they did not wish to buy his machine, yet he assured her it was no trouble. At dinner time he came and got his dinner, and seeing from the indignant looks of the entire family that there was a storm brewing he left, and a few hours later sent for his machine, and then took up his abode at another house to play the same game, thereby saving his hotel bill. They go from house to house abusing each other, until the other day I heard a lady say she wished some one would shut them all up in a room together with their machines, and let them *fight it out;* and if one killed all the rest so much the better.

"Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where agents and the very name of such,
Might never reach me more."

ROBERTO.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR POST—A novelty is abroad in the land, all along with this last snow storm. I did not mean to speak of the weather again as long as I lived, but when winter lingers in the lap of spring (or words to that effect) until one gives up all hope of ever again feeling the warm south wind, or again seeing the blessed sunshine, one must be pardoned if she can't help saying something about it now and then.

"But the novelty?" I hear some one question.

Most certainly!

I wish it was something in natural history, or in medicine, or astronomy or something. A comet with two tails would be a novelty, but I have not seen any announced, so it can't be that.

When you come to consider that I am placed here to retail *Fashions*, you will not be at a loss to guess what the novelty is. I don't mean that you can pick out the very garment and know just as much about it as I do. Of course not. That would be impossible—else why am I here at all? (The conundrum will keep.)

"Some confounded flummery pertaining to women's dress—I knew it!" growls the unappreciative masculine, throwing down the paper.

You're right, my boy.

It is the most "confounded flummery" you ever heard of, and I for one am not going to support it, or put in a plea for the defence.

The novelty has been christened the "Dolman vest polonaise." It was born in Paris some time during the last month, and is decidedly "foreign" in appearance. In front, one looks like a masquerader with this garment on, but behind, if you did not inquire about it, you would think it was only an ordinary polonaise, with Dolman sleeves.

The front, as the name implies, is vest shape, of the Louis Quinze cut, and is long enough to admit of pockets below the waist, or pocket laps; I believe they are very seldom the genuine article. The waist of this garment is close-fitting, and the front is cut away over the vest and floats gracefully backward to display the front breadth of the skirt, which is literally covered with alternate rows of puffing and narrow ruffles laid on horizontally. The sleeve proper is coat shape, and outside of it the large Dolman wings are attached. It is stated by those who should be authority, but who hardly ever are, that this Dolman vest will pass over the fashionable world, sweeping like a whirlwind everything from its path. I don't just know what they mean, but if their idea is to make it the "regulation" garment, I'm sorry it isn't prettier—that's all.

I don't know of any one, short or tall, broad or narrow, that it would be becoming to. They say they are to be worn as a spring wrap, and that they can be made in cashmere, or of cashmere shawls, and that nothing is prettier than a "camel's hair" cut into one—there is such richness and such style about them. I did not care about the style, but I went home thinking "here's richness."

I coaxed too hard for my "camel's hair" to lay scissors to it, I can tell you, and if the truth were known, a good many other camel's hair wearers have done the same—and yet I haven't a doubt but there are plenty of people, who, if they are told that everybody else is doing so, will not hesitate to have a three-thousand-dollar shawl made over into a Dolman vest, on the principle of the woman who married a hunchback—it didn't matter what the shape was, so long as it was a husband, she said, and these people will imagine one shape is as good as another so long as it is all there.

A rumor is abroad that double-breasted polonaises are to be worn with spring costumes—polonaises with about three buttons and the collar turned back in revers, displaying the linen habit shirt, buttoned to the throat. That style is pretty, and I hope to see it popular.

Among the

MATERIALS

that will find favor, serge is said to be first and foremost. We had an epidemic of it some three years ago, and then satine and cashmere stepped in and it was pushed to the wall, where it has been ever since, until now, other fabrics having had their day, out comes mistress serge again, fresher, finer, softer, and every way improved by her involuntary absence from fashionable life. There are several grades of this goods, but the most desirable as well as the most economical, though more expensive in the beginning, is the French serge, which has a soft twilled surface very unlike the harsh material that was first introduced under that name.

These costumes consisting of an underskirt, tunic and bodice, or underskirt and polonaise, are either trimmed with the same material in kilt-pleatings and flat bands with military braid or with embroidery in a darker shade. The skirts of these dresses are in all cases made to swing clear of the ground and measure about three yards and a half around.

The front breadth, and the two side widths are gored, and two full breadths are at the back, throwing all fulness away from the front. The tunic which has quite a short apron in front, is also tied back from the sides, making the back quite full and forming a decided panier. The waists are out always with a basque, some of them pointed at the front and made very short at the side, coming scarcely an inch below the belt, then drooping to a prettily rounded basque at the back. The throat is quite high and the sleeves are coat shaped, or if the wearer's arm is pretty enough shaped to admit of it, a perfectly close sleeve, finished with bows and buttons, is sometimes seen. These suits are on exhibition and will doubtless be very fashionable until that vest polonaise that is going to sweep everything from its path gets started once.

FOR DINNER TOILETS

we see that square necks are again in vogue, and for those not in an emaciated condition the style is a pretty one, especially when the square is ornamented with a fall of lace, and a handsome coral or jet necklace adorns the neck. The fancy for two shades in the material of a dinner toilet is in good taste, and made up rather plain and without overskirts as we now see them, seems to be an evidence of a return to the quiet modes of long ago.

EVENING DRESS

shows no more white tunics—but as if to reverse matters black tulle overskirts are worn with white silk dresses with very pretty effect. Sometimes the tunics have flowers embroidered upon them, white water lilies, or bright scarlets carnations or rich hued pansies, and one is mentioned as having been worn at the Charity Ball that was embroidered in silver in wheat ears. These black overdresses are entirely new and exceedingly stylish, and afford a welcome relief from the white Organdy puffed, tucked, and needle-worked affairs looped with trailing sprays and impossible buds.

Among other freaks, that of wearing black lace veils in full-dress, caught at the top of the head with a gold ornament, and the ends floating down over the shoulders, is gaining considerable prominence. When tastefully arranged on the right kind of a head it looks very graceful, but everybody isn't the figure for it by considerable.

BONNETS AND HATS

I would like to write up, but really there is nothing new to say about them, and they are so nearly alike that I hardly see the necessity of designating them by different names. Bonnets have strings, but as many pass these around and tie them in the back of the neck, the front view is not affected by them. Both hats and bonnets are put well back on the head, and are worn so high as to not only show the crimps, but the braids and puffs surmounting them. There are two or three novelties in the trimming, and among them that of a long curled ostrich plume drooping from the back of the bonnet and worn around the neck as a sort of muffler—but for sleigh-riding in the face of a brisk northeaster the protection it affords would hardly be sufficient. Veils are made of long strips of net, edged all around with Chantilly. The middle of the veil covers the face and the ends are fastened behind, and make a very pretty finish to the hat. OLIVE KING.

MARRIED FOR MONEY.

I.

'Twas all over between us, you thought, when we parted,
It was good-bye to me and to trouble or care;
A sigh and a tear, a poor boy broken-hearted,
Mattered not, for what feelings had you then to spare?
It was nothing to you that my best hopes were shattered,
For you knew all the time that you meant we should part;
Did you think with fair words I should ever feel flattered,
From lips feigning truth with such falseness at heart?

II.

Ah, lovely and lost one, I lurk in the gloaming,
And think of one midsummer twilight last year,
But one little year past, when we two were roaming
With hand locked in hand by the still, solemn mere.
Have you, love, forgotten that night and those pledges,
Half whispered, half sobbed, 'neath that calm summer sky?
While still in my ear faintly shiver the sedges,
And still the low plash of the water sounds nigh.

III.

They tell me you're happy; and yet, on reflection,
I find they talk more of your wealth than of you;
And if you have some moments of thought or dejection,
It may be those moments are known to but few.
You're a boudoir in bud, and an Eraed *à queue*, love;
You breakfast off Sevres of the real *bleu du Roi;*
While what could *I* give you, whose heart was so true, love,
Save that poor posy ring, with its "*Penses à moi!*"

IV.

Now blame not your husband, nor think you're used badly,
For 'twas simply a matter of money and trade;
You named him your "figure," he paid it most gladly,
But your heart was no part of the bargain he made.
He wanted a wife who could well head his table,
Who would humor his whims and obey his behests,
One lovely and clever, one willing and able—
To prove his good taste and to talk to his guests.

V.

There are times when 'midst riches and splendor you languish—
When to still your poor conscience your fruitlessly try.
Whilst tears are fast falling in bitterest anguish,
You confess there *is* something that money can't buy.
Yes, love, there are mem'ries that will not be buried,
There's a ghost of the dead past that will not be laid;
And while in the Maelstrom of pleasure you're hurried,
Do you never meet the sad eyes of the shade?

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Over-Anxious Mothers.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is very essential both to their moral and physical development that mothers should not permit the anxiety they suffer about their children to become too well known to them, or to interfere too much with the freedom of their conduct.

If parents set themselves up as guide-boards for their children at every corner, they can not be expected to find the road of life very easily when such signs are necessarily taken down, and must needs lose their way occasionally. Independence and self-reliance are needful traits of character for every man and woman to possess—and if they are not impressed upon children in early life, they often fail to attain success in their manhood; these traits are essential elements of all human excellence, and if not born in a child, must be acquired by early education and training.

It is said that American children are too independent, too aggressive in their exhibitions of self-reliance and independence. Of course there are extremes of conduct everywhere—and mothers must guard against making their children independent of their control and government, while at the same time they teach them to protect themselves by all the various means of security given to mankind.

I would not say one word against a mother's prudent care for her children, against her protecting them from exposure to colds and sickness, to over-eating and over-exertion, and too much fashionable dissipation in the shape of balls, parties and the like.

All such anxieties I would fully share, and feel that a mother, who neglected to "*coddle*" her child in his youth, deprived him of his birthright.

But there is a gratuitous anxiety which often defeats its intentions, and makes children unnaturally careful and timid, and destroys the development of presence of mind and animal courage which are both needful for their protection in the battle of life.

The anxious mother refuses her boy permission to learn to swim.

"No, indeed!" she exclaims; "my Willie shall never learn to swim; it is a *very* dangerous practice. I read constantly in the papers of children losing their lives by drowning while in swimming, and my boy shall not be placed in any *such* danger."

Now a prudent, but not over-anxious mother, would feel that her boy ought to learn to swim in his youth, because contingencies might arise when the knowledge would be the saving of his life and of the lives of others.

Boys who are taught to swim in childhood acquire the art most easily and never lose it; and if they have been taught self-reliance and self-control—twin brothers which should never dwell apart—there would be little fear of their drowning. And then swimming is such a luxury that it seems hard to prevent a boy from ever indulging in it.

The prudent mother would counsel her boy not to go into the water when very much heated, nor just after eating, nor remain in it more than twenty minutes at the longest, and if possible not more than fifteen minutes; but she never would discountenance his obtaining the art of swimming.

The use of firearms should also be taught to every boy; hunting is a manly occupation, and there is little danger accompanying the pursuit if indulged in with prudence and caution. The boy should be taught how to load a pistol or gun, how to hold it, cock and fire it.

There is a right and a wrong way of doing *everything*, and children should be taught the right way to swim, hunt, fish, leap and wrestle.

Many mothers object to their children learning these feats, and there are some over-anxious mothers who will not allow their boys to attend a gymnasium for fear of broken heads and bones.

This is a great mistake on their part, for boys need just such exercises of climbing, leaping, jumping and whirling, as are practised in a gymnasium, to develop their muscular powers. Then they should be taught the use of the boxing gloves, and learn "*to hit out from the shoulder.*" I would not desire to develop their fighting propensities, but would have them taught the art of self-protection, so that if attacked they could defend themselves *scientifically* and *profitably*.

I knew a young man of twenty years whose muscular powers had been strengthened and trained in a gymnasium, and by the use of boxing gloves, who, when attacked by party of "roughs," at a crowded railway station, and his watch-guard seized, was able to knock one of his assailants down and seize the other by the throat, and hold him while he gave the war cry of his college, and the approach of his fellow students frightened off the gang of "roughs." He was a beardless, delicate-looking youth, and his gold watch-chain had attracted the attention of these thieves, and they felt sure of their prey; and had not a prudent mother been willing that her son should have learned to become an accomplished "boxer," his watch would have fallen to their share. The instinct of self-preservation is strongly implanted in every heart, and amid the bewilderment of thought and disorder of volition, it rarely loses its protecting power, yet it is well for a man to be trained to its exercise from childhood, and over-anxious mothers are really injuring their loved ones instead of doing them service, by preventing them from learning all its arts.

Over-watched children are proverbially those who are the most constantly exposing themselves to colds and illness; for not being accustomed to taking care of themselves, but moving at the will of another, they lose the power of self-reliance, and their actions are always vacillating and uncertain. If a child is left free to jump, climb and run at his own will, yet things are so arranged that he cannot injure himself, he learns an habitual readiness of thought and precision of movement which will never fail him.

Children are naturally very cautious; if they were not, there would be a continual slaughter of the innocents. And in spite of the greatest care exercised by mothers and nurses, children will become injured at times; but a burned finger or a bruise is a needful lesson, and teaches the child what things should be avoided.

I knew a father who deliberately placed the finger of his two-year-old child upon a hot stove, and blistered the tender skin, to teach the child that it was a dangerous piece of furniture, and must be avoided. I called the act "a downright piece of barbarity," and heartily desired to hold the father's fingers closely on to the heated iron and see how he liked it. Such practical teachings I would avoid; but a few words of caution would have been quite sufficient to have taught the boy the danger, without such a personal illustration of it.

A baby is the most helpless of all breathing creatures, and yet it has powers which we hardly recognize; and it has been confidently asserted that the smallest infant, if thrown into the water, will instinctively float and not drown.

It is a mother's precious privilege—

"To aid the mind's development—to watch
The dawn of little joys—to sit and see
Almost thy very growth—to view thee catch
Knowledge of objects—wonders yet to thee!"

And it should be her duty and desire to teach *self-reliance*, and not be constantly guarding her children against ills, both real and imaginary, which keep her heart and mind in constant uneasiness and torture.

DAISY EYEBRIGHT.

TRANSPLANTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY PHILA H. CASE LA BARRE.

Withered leaves and autumn rain
Are drifting o'er the window pane,
And sweeping down the lonely plain.

A mother kneels in mute despair
Beside a maiden sweetly fair,
With soft blue eyes and golden hair.

Down from the crystal walls of light
Along the starry stairs of night
The angels speed their eager flight.

White wings wave as they whisper low,
"She is too gentle to dwell below,
Earth will sully her heart of snow."

Holding closer the mother's hand
She sees but dimly the beautiful band
Calling her up to the better land.

"I heard mother—the silvery tread
Of seraphs hovering round my bed!
Did you not see one touch my head?"

Over the river, across the way,
Up to the city of endless day
The angels bear the maiden away.

WANTS TO RAFFLE HERSELF.

A CHANCE FOR BACHELORS—A YOUNG WOMAN'S LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

CHAMPAIGN, Feb. 3, 1873.—*Respected Sir:* It is the wish of the dictater of this epistle to state to you her desire to be lotteried off, and requests your advice in regard to the subject. She is acknowledged by all, in the cities where she has resided, as the belle of society—being young, handsome, talented and attractive. She is dark-complexioned, called a brunette. Age, 21. She has many, many admirers, but none, as yet, whom she can appreciate. The young lady desires to draw to a close her studies in art; therefore, withdraw from society, for the space of six months, to accomplish the aforesaid desire. She requests that, should she be won by either sex, it must be *strictly* understood that she is to be released from her bargain if she dislikes the one who wins her; or, should that person be displeased with his prize. Should such be the case, the young lady will, at the — — expiration of the lottery, place in the lucky hands of the winner the amount of $500 in lieu of herself.

She wishes your advice in regard to how she must proceed. She wishes me to ask, if you would take the affair into your hands altogether; that is, of getting the publishing done by all the other editors, besides your own, the tickets, &c. She wants to sell 50-thousand or a hundred thousand—at $1.00 a ticket, but will not decide until she hears your opinion, whether you think she can dispose of that number or no: and if you think she can sell them for more than $1.00 apiece. She will await your decision. Please to let her know the price you will charge for this work. The young lady desires her name to remain unknown until after the lottery is closed, when she will make herself known in person to the winner. She can give you satisfactory recommendation in reference to herself and character, by people of the highest standing from the city where she resided a few years prior, and the — — city where she now resides; such as the editors, city council, city clerk, judges, doctors, the most prominent lawyers, &c. Also, Antioch College, Yellow Springs—Ohio—where she has been a student.

Direct—P O—Box —, Miss K — —.

Please to gain the opinion of other editors on the subject.

A WORD TO BOYS.

Boys, did you ever think this world, with all its wealth and woe, with all its mines and mountains, oceans, seas and rivers, with all its steamboats, railroads and telegraphs, with all its millions of groping men, and all the science and progress of ages, will soon be given over to the boys of the present age,—boys like you? Believe it and look abroad upon your inheritance, and get ready to enter upon its possession. The presidents, emperors, kings, governors, statesmen, philosophers, ministers, teachers, mechanics, laborers, men of the future,—all are boys now.

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A LETTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY LURA M. BIDELER.

Are you thinking of me, darling,
In your home so far away?
Do you wish that I were with you,
On this pleasant winter day?

Would you put your arms around me,
As you did when last we met,
Giving me such fond caresses,
Saying words that thrill me yet?

I have thought, oh! very often,
Of the parting words you said,
When you kissed me, oh! so fondly,
Bending lower down your head,

Till your brown curls touched my forehead,
Whispering very soft and low,
"Don't be sorrowful, my darling,
I shall come again, you know!

"Of the future think, and only
Of the happy time to be,
When on earth there will be nothing
That can keep you, love, from me."

But the miles are long between us,
Darling, and although to-day
I would give the world to see you,
Yet you are too far away.

So I'll write for thee, my darling,
All that I can do at most,
Hoping that ere long you'll read it
In the columns of the Post.

RAVENSWOOD;

OR,

The Raftsmen Of The Delaware.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BURR THORNBURY.

CHAPTER XXVI.

STARWAY LEAVES THE ISLAND.

A week went by. It was June, green, glowing, joyous June, and over the island that had recently been the scene of such tragic occurrences, bent the broad blue sky. Peace seemed brooding everywhere; in air and wood; over the softly-gliding water and the odorous earth, as warm with the sunbeams as the heart of a maiden is with love. No tinge of freshet colored the river's current; no storm-hinting clouds toppled in thunder-peaks along the horizon's rim.

That night of rain and gale which had been so eventful to Edith and Flossa had been succeeded by others almost as tempestuous. Such a period of storm had not been known for many, many years before. The superstitious declared in awesome tones that it was owing to the direful events that had taken place on the island—that troubled spirits before they leave the earth engage in strife with the elements. We smile at this of course, but there were those who trembled as they heard such an explanation The floods rose as they had never risen before. The old mill on the isle was swept away, and the isle itself was partially carried off by the fierce waters.

But now peace had come—as it always comes after strife, to tempest-beaten wave, to storm-torn forest, to battle-worn armies or to the silent, suffering soul.

Starway was still at Ravenswood, where he was receiving the tenderest care at the hands of his young friends. He had been informed of all that had occurred since his own misfortune—of all except that relating to Mrs. Wilburton. Not one word of that strange, sad event had he yet learned, and his friends had considered among themselves whether it would be best to enlighten him in reference thereto or to let him remain in ignorance. It might be better for his happiness if he were not to know.

But a crisis in this connection was precipitated without their agency. It happened thus: Starway was able to leave his chamber, and for the first time had ventured below stairs. He took a short walk, accompanied by Philip, and on his return to the house entered the large parlor to rest awhile. With interest he surveyed the grand apartment—the rich, antique furniture, the pictures, etc., musing as he gazed.

"And this is all Flossa's—poor girl! that she should have been kept from her own so long! And now that she is in possession of her inheritance, she will not want to dwell here—too many dreadful associations are connected with the place. But the estate is valuable, and she will not need the provision I thought to make for her. Besides, Philip will provide for her. They will be happy—so happy that I'm afraid they will grow selfish in their bliss and care nothing for their old friend Starway. Nay, nay, I wrong them—they will always give me a place in their hearts and in their home if I would accept the latter. Home! Oh, God! what a sad sound that dear word now has to me. Home, Wife, Child and Happiness! they were once all mine, but now—"

A tremor passed through the frame of the lonely man, an agony showed in his face. He dropped into a cushioned seat near, breaking the thread of his mournful soliloquy, and listlessly turning the leaves of a small volume of poems that was within reach.

After a time he examined it more closely. It proved to be a collection of Spanish ballads, untranslated. Starway was acquainted with the language, and he busied himself for some minutes with the book.

Philip Wayne was near, dreamily occupied like his companion in reading, revery and meditation.

A solemn silence reigned in the shadowed room, a sunny silence outside; and there the two sat mindful and yet unmindful of each other's presence.

Starway read the concluding stanza of a plaintive poem that met his eye, and was peculiarly struck with the lines—

"Mi vista se oscurece
Si sus ojos no re que son mi dia
Mi anma desfallece
Con la melancolia,
De no escucharle ya su melodia."

"Ah, it is so," he sighed.

"'My sight is darkened o'er
Whene'er I miss her eyes that were my day.'"

He murmured the words to himself, turning to the fly-leaf of the volume as he did did so. Some secret power seemed to direct his vision there. He read, written in a peculiar and delicate hand, the following name and address:

ALICE WILBURTON,
No. 40 —— St.,
Baltimore.

A cry of anguished amazement broke from his lips, and dropping the book, he started up, his face blanched to a hue more ghastly than that of wasting sickness.

"What is it?" asked Philip in surprise and alarm. "You are weak—you are ill. You have ventured from your chamber too soon."

"No, no; it is not that. How came this volume here? This is *her* name—*her* hand."

He held up the book, pointing excitedly to the name on the fly-leaf. Philip knew the cause of his friend's emotion now. He looked at him for a moment in hesitation and distress, and the expression of his countenance was quickly read by Starway.

"Oh, Philip! speak," cried the agitated man. "Your face tells me you know something of this. Has *she*—my wife—been here?"

The young man felt that prevarication would now be useless, perhaps wrong.

"I will tell you all," he said; "perhaps you should have known before. *She*, Mrs. Alice Wilburton, was a guest at this place at the time of your injury in the affray at the landing."

"Here? Do you say here?" asked Starway wildly.

"Yes."

"And did she—did she see me?"

"Yes," said Philip painfully.

"And recognized me?"

"She did."

"You hesitate—you appear distressed. Oh, Philip, tell me all, though it be bitter to hear and bear."

"She saw you as you lay unconscious. She knew you at once, and with an anguished cry exclaimed that you were her husband, and fell fainting by your side."

"Oh, God!" groaned the unhappy man. "She knew me, she acknowledged that I am her husband, and yet she did not remain to care for me."

"It is as you say."

"How did she appear to be affected after her recovery from her swoon?"

"Very strangely, it was thought."

"Go on, Philip."

"She seemed horrified to know that you were near; said that she could not remain upon the island, and after requesting that the kindest attention be shown you, departed early the next morning."

"Oh, this mystery, this mystery!" groaned Starway. "There is something dreadful between us, Philip; but as Heaven is my witness, I know not what it is. Some terrible misapprehension that has cost us years of misery, and may keep us apart forever. Oh, if I only knew; a word, a single word might explain it all."

"I verily believe so," said the young man, earnestly and hopefully. "And an explanation must be sought. Surely, surely there cannot be *crime* between you. You are noble and true, my friend; she is pure and good, as every one declared of her. Let a reconciliation be effected—though on your part there has been no estrangement—and my happiness will be complete."

Philip spoke warmly, a great hope filling his heart as the possibility of the reunion of those two long-separated ones presented itself in his mind.

"I will go to her," said Starway. "This address will guide me. I will find her, and the angels will plead with me for an opportunity to prove my innocence of any wrong or crime that she may think exists to keep us apart. Oh, Heaven grant me success in my mission!"

"Amen," responded Philip fervently. "But you must rest now; this excitement has been too great for you."

"How *can* I rest amid such torturing doubt and hope? I must leave the island soon—to-morrow, if Dr. Kirke consents."

"But he will not. You must not think of departure until you are stronger. Flossa and I will pass a few days with you, and then you will be prepared to go."

"A weary while to wait," he sighed, "even with your dear company. But I can be patient a little longer—after all these years of pain."

He left the parlor, accompanied by Philip, and went to his chamber.

The great house seemed more desolate than ever now—she had been there and gone.

Only two or three of the servants remained. A sense of horror, born of the recent tragedies, lingered in the air. Outside of the mansion was the joyousness of June, but under the roof another spirit reigned. Philip Wayne felt these depressing influences strongly, and wondered if they did not affect his friend. He suggested to Starway that they leave the island and pass the intervening days at his (Philip's) own home. But Starway preferred to remain at Ravenswood until the time of his departure for Baltimore.

Days passed, and it was thought that he might with safety go. Bidding his young friends a kind yet sad adieu, he departed on his momentous mission. Other days went by—a whole week—yet no word came from him, neither did he return.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A STRANGE, SAD STORY—CONCLUSION.

At last a letter came from Starway. It was very brief, and contained no information as to the success or failure of his attempt to unravel the mystery of his wife's action. But there was a certain joyous tone in the missive that induced his young friends to believe that he had at least found something to encourage him.

Appended to the brief communication was a postscript containing an invitation to the four young people—Frank, Philip, Edith and Flossa—to visit the writer at a place he named for their meeting.

"Willowdale!" exclaimed Frank, as Philip to whom the letter had been addressed, read it in the presence of the others. "Why, I know the place, and a charming one it is. 'Tis not more than twenty miles below, and on the river shore. Not a finer country-seat is on the Delaware. But what can our good friend mean by asking us to visit him there?"

"He means to give us a pleasant surprise," declared Philip. "If I am not mistaken in my judgment of the tone of that note, Starway is now a happy man, and wishes to reveal his joy to us in person. We must go to him."

"Certainly," said Frank; "we will drive there—'twill only be a pleasant ride."

"Oh, if—" murmured Flossa, and then she paused.

"I know what you would say," tenderly spoke her lover, who had caught the gentle, unfinished expression of her longing. "I too will say, 'Oh, if—' and pause; but I cannot resist the joyous conviction that all is at last well with our friend."

Flossa's pure face glowed with a happy light as she listened to his words. Blissful her own lot had become after her many trials and perplexities, and if to Starway the light had also come, her cup of delight would be more than full.

It was at once arranged that the visit should be made on the appointed day.

When the time arrived, gay, hopeful and happy the four drove to Willowdale.

The day was lovely, the ride delightful, and in fine spirits they reached the place.

As they drove up the gravelled road to the front of the mansion, a tall form that all at once recognized appeared. It was Starway, and a joyous welcome he gave them.

They were conducted up the broad flight of steps that led to the hall entrance, and there they were met by a refined-looking lady, who they knew by description was the Mrs. Wilburton of Ravenswood.

Starway's face seemed spiritualized with joy as he presented his guests.

"*My wife*," he said, and the faces of the new-comers were only less bright than his own.

A golden-haired young lady, gracious, lovely, and only less fair than Flossa stood behind the elder lady.

"My daughter," were the happy Starway's words as he presented her.

The greetings, the congratulations, the general happiness that followed, we leave our readers to picture to themselves.

We join the happy party again, when after rest and refreshment they assemble in the parlor.

The windows of one side of that apartment opened upon a river-view. Flossa looked out in a sort of bewilderment. There on the shining surface of the noble stream glided the rafts, the sight vividly recalling recollections of her former life. She thought of the humble home among the hills—of her awakening there to a knowledge of evil—and of all that followed.

How changed! how different now! She was no longer an unknown, persecuted forest girl; but a member of refined society, possessed of friends, of wealth and the love of a noble heart. How glad, how grateful she was!

Her semi-revery was broken by the solemn voice of Starway—he was to tell them the story of his sorrows and of the joy that had so lately ended them.

His face was filled with the holy light of love and gratitude, yet now and then the shadows crossed it, the gloom that had clothed his spirit for so many years could not be at once dispelled.

Mrs. Wilburton and her daughter withdrew as Starway commenced his recital. The subject was no doubt painful to them, but as they knew he wished to acquaint his young friends with the facts, they absented themselves until the sad story should be told.

"You have a right, my dear young guests and friends," said Starway, "to know the dark cause which has blighted so many years of my life. It is my desire to acquaint you with the facts, painful as mention of all but the happy ending of my long trial must be to me.

"First, you must know that my real name is not the somewhat romantic one by which I have long been known, but that it is the more familiar one of Wilburton—my dear wife in her years of separation from me never having dropped the name she received from me in marriage.

"I married Alice Dale in my youth, living happily as I have before told you, until the sad event occurred that caused us so many years of wretchedness and loneliness.

"I was a deserted husband, my loved Alice having withdrawn from me in the terrible belief that I was *the murderer of her brother*—her only and idolized brother, who had been mysteriously slain a year before our marriage, and whose assassin had never been discovered. This is a horrible story to tell, but you must hear me."

He paused, apparently overcome by the terrible recollections that arose in his mind.

"Great Heaven!" he at length continued, "that I should rest under such an imputation—that I should be suspected of such a crime by the wife of my bosom, and yet know nothing of the cause of her desertion of me! For she could not speak—she could not accuse me of the dreadful crime, and she could not remain with me after the proofs of my guilt, had been, as she was forced to think, presented her. For the secret evidence she received against me was overwhelming, though I was innocent, as has since been proved. But there had been a serious disagreement between Archer Dale and myself—that I admitted and Alice knew. But we were not enemies, and when the startling news of his assassination by an unknown hand came, none was more shocked and horrified than I.

"Yet the time soon came when voiceless evidence pointed to me as the murderer of Archer Dale. Even out of my own mouth issued words that seemed afterward to corroborate the fearful charge, for during a period of sickness that came upon me, in my delirium I raved of our feud, and accused myself of having done the dead man grievous wrong. Alice, who nursed me tenderly and faithfully, was of course shocked to hear my self-accusations, but at the time believed them to be nothing but the wildness of the fever.

"Immediately upon my recovery, what was believed to be the evidence of my fearful guilt was laid before my wife. Could she longer call me husband? Could she remain beneath my roof, believing as she was in agony compelled to, that I had taken the life of her beloved brother? Could she accuse me of the crime? The evidence against me was secret, and those who informed her of what they—God forgive them for their fearful mistake—thought was the truth, solemnly promised that it should never be revealed—that I should never have to answer for my presumed crime at the bar of human justice. Oh, if the open accusation only *had* been made! Oh, if I had only been arrested and tried for the dreadful deed! *Then* I could have proved my innocence. But I was left in ignorance of the belief that made me its victim. Silence was maintained, when a single word would have been sufficient to prevent the long misery that followed. Sometimes I think that even the very winds of Heaven might have shaped themselves to sound, and uttered the one word that would have aroused and saved me.

"I pass over the weary years that followed. The light has come at last, my dear young friends—I need not tell you how, for the happy fact is enough. To Alice and myself the memory of the dark past will be cruel; but what we have lost in time we will make up in eternity. I thank Heaven that we have been joined again here on earth. My sad story is done. Let us go out to the river shore. Alice and Helen will join us there."

His listeners arose, silent and sympathetic, grieving that such a noble heart should have suffered so long and so cruelly, yet rejoicing that the shadow and burden were lifted at last.

The details of his movements after his departure from Ravenswood, and the ease or difficulty with which he had established the fact of his innocence, they did not desire to know; the glad result, as they saw it in the perfect re-union of the long-separated pair, was enough.

The party went out into the rejoicing day and down to the river side, where they were quickly joined by Mrs. Wilburton and her daughter. No reference was made to what had been communicated to their guests—that subject all felt was now buried forever. Smiles and gayety followed; the sadness and pain of the past, in so far as might be, were forgotten.

Our young friends remained over night with their entertainers, and when, the next day, they departed, it was with a sense of pleasure that does the heart good to experience. It may be presumed that Edwin Wilburton—Starway no longer now—gave them a cordial invitation to repeat the visit, and that his lovely wife and daughter as cordially joined him.

Happy were the hearts that went that day from Willowdale—happy those that there remained.

We have little more to add relating to the fortunes of the surviving characters of our story.

At the Quaker homestead, before the year expired, there was a double wedding, and we need not say who were the brides.

The marriage of Philip and Flossa was to have been at an earlier period, but in view of the tragic occurrences so near, and with which they had involuntarily been so intimately concerned, it was thought best to postpone the joyous event until the ensuing autumn.

The happy day soon arrived, and Edith and Flossa gave their hands to those into whose keeping their hearts had already been given.

Edwin Wilburton and his wife and daughter were present, he and Alice as young again in heart almost as if that dark shadow had not lain so long on their lives.

After their marriage, Frank and Edith settled near the old homestead, and Philip and Flossa in a tasteful home not distant. The latter did not make Ravenswood their residence, though Flossa was fully reinstated in her rights; the fullest investigation and the most careful legal action having secured this just result.

The formidable organization of burglars and cut-throats that had so long infested the river-region was at last effectively broken up, and River Rick suffered the just penalty of his many crimes.

Pat McNally and his fellow-raftsmen were not lost sight of by those to whom they had rendered such service. The gallant Irishman became a frequent visitor at the homes of both Edith and Flossa, his wit, his vivacity and his excellent qualities of heart, apart from other considerations, making him a favorite with all. His companion, Bastario, who had fired the shot that killed the bloodhound, was soon seen no more on the Delaware. He found the calling of lumberman quite too dull for one of his restless temperament and roving disposition, and abandoned it for different pursuits. What eventually became of him none knew, though it cannot be said that none cared, for the man who had preserved Edith from a dreadful death was not to be forgotten by herself and her friends.

In after years, when the haze of Time had gathered over the events we have thus recorded, our friends, no longer young, except in heart, looked back with unfailing interest to those exciting days, and spoke frequently and feelingly of their experiences and adventures among the RAFTSMEN OF THE DELAWARE.

THE END.

MURPHY'S MASTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD."

CHAPTER IX.

THE CABIN PASSENGERS.

"Mr. Kavanagh on board! That is incredible," exclaimed Robert.

"I can't help *that*," returned Maguire; "I can only repeat that is the fact. I saw him with my own eyes to-day. I think I may even promise that you shall see him with yours to-morrow."

"But the police"—commenced Chesney.

"Oh! you believe in the police, do you?" interrupted the other contemptuously, "and yet talk of things being "incredible." For my part, I have been in a ship before in which there was "one too many" on board, and that was "the devil" himself. The present incident, therefore, sinks into insignificance."

It was certain that Mr. Maguire was not joking; he never did joke, after the fashion of his compatriots, but used a certain staidness of speech and manner, sometimes, as in the case of the police galleys, diversified by ferocity.

"You are wondering who I am, young fellow," continued he, "and since I have promised to satisfy a reasonable curiosity, I will tell you. I would not tell everybody, mind you (nor even you, for that matter, if we were not well out in the blue water;) but you are a lad of spirit, and I like you.

My father was a squireen in Tipperary, as his fathers had been before him for many a generation. It was very creditable of them to go on succeeding their ancestors so regularly, and getting drunk in the same parlor with such assiduity; but life of that sort was too respectable for me, and on the occasion of a certain domestic difficulty (we were both wrong and very drunk,) I cut the paternal cable, and ran away to sea. You ran away from home yourself, young fellow, did you not?"

"I did," said Robert gravely; "but it was to avoid my step-father's ill treatment."

"No apology is requisite to *me*, my lad," said Maguire frankly. "I like a lad that runs away from home. What are ease and comfort at that age, compared to independence?"

"Nay, pray do not imagine that I left them when I left *my* home," explained Robert. "It was but a cottage, and my step-father but a gamekeeper."

"Then where did you learn your fine words and your good figuring?"

"At the village school. It seemed to me that learning was the only thing that could get me out of a condition that was very unpleasant, and so I worked hard at my books."

"Ah, that's bad," observed Mister Maguire deprecatingly. "I don't mind a young fellow's learning to read and to write, and even a little arithmetic, which I have myself found useful at a pinch—but I am dead against books. They disinoline you to action. At this moment, instead of saying to yourself: 'Here is a man of spirit and experience, whose views must needs be worth something, and I'll follow his lead,' you are wasting time in thinking about it. 'Will it be prudent to do so?' is the idea that occurs to you, or even (if they taught you out of good books), 'Will it be right?' Now, it is one excellent point in the character of our good friends below here, that they never think."

Not a muscle of Mr. Maguire's countenance moved, save those employed in the suction of his pipe. It was impossible to tell by the expression of his face whether he was in jest or in earnest. "However, let me go on with my story," he continued. "I went to sea as a cabin-boy, and in twelve years' time—when I was seven-and-twenty—I found myself the captain of a ship. It was but a small one, indeed—a sloop called the Mermaid, with but very few hands on board, but I was proud enough of being her skipper; she was laden with oil from Barbadoes, and we had not long left the place, when we fell in with a strange sail. She showed no colors; and as she drew nearer, I made her out to be a schooner, full of hands all in white shirts, and with a whole tier of great guns.

"'*Whose does this sloop belong to?*' hailed she.

"'*To London*,' said I; '*from Barbadoes.*'

"'*We know that*,' was the answer. '*Send your master on board.*'

"And a black flag flew up to her masthead. That was thirty years ago, and yet I remember that moment as clearly as though it happened yesterday. One doesn't fall into the hands of pirates every day. Notwithstanding my alarm, I felt it hard to keep my temper (which was always short), when the captain called out, as we were making the best haste we could in our little boat toward his ship: '*Pull faster, you speckled-shirted dogs* [as though we would not have worn white ones, if we had known of his preference for them], *or I will drub you within an inch of your lives, and that inch too.*' But I knew better than to answer; for when your hand is in the lion's mouth, says the proverb, get it out as easy as you can. Only I made up my mind, that if the worst came to the worst, I would take that gentleman round the waist and jump into the sea with him, at any rate.

"'*And who are we, think you?*' said he, when I got upon deck.

"'*Sir*,' said I, '*I believe you are gentlemen of fortune belonging to the sea.*'

"'*Nay, there you lie*,' said he, '*for we are pirates.*'

"For though, like most people in authority, he was inclined to give himself airs, this gentleman was very plain-spoken. He asked what I had on board my ship—warning me at the same time that a lie would cost me my life—and was very dissatisfied when I told him. It seemed to me, indeed, that the time had almost come for his taking that leap with me into the sea, the satisfaction of which I was fully resolved not to deny myself; but, fortunately for us both, it seemed he had not the absolute disposal of life and death in his own hands, but must needs consult the ship's company.

"In the meantime, I was sent down to his cabin to await the result of their deliberations. While there, one of his men came in, and with a friendly countenance, said: 'So you don't know me, Mr. Maguire?'

"'No,' said I; 'I have not that pleasure.'

"Then he reminded me that he had served in the same ship with me five years ago, as likewise two other of his companions had.

"'We three wish you well,' said he; 'but it is unfortunate that the Mermaid has so little in her, which makes the others bitter against you. Now, what we shall propose—since they are for shooting you—is to make you one of ourselves; for there is not a man on board of us can keep accounts, which we know you can do. So I have come down to bid you have no hesitation, in case you get the chance of such an offer—not without risk to myself, let me tell you, but one should stand by an old shipmate.'

"I thanked him heartily, and said, what was very true, though piracy was not to my taste, a bullet through the head was much less so; and in the end it turned out as he had given me to hope. I was made purser of the Mother Carey, as their vessel was called, that very night, and shook hands with the captain upon it (instead of kissing them, as when the king gives you anything), and with all the crew. Moreover, they brought in a huge bowl made of solid silver, which held eight quarts of punch, and drank until sunrise to my new appointment—a most undesirable one, you are doubtless thinking, my friend, and so thought I at that time. With the exception of the three men that had saved my life, I had no desire to see any one of my present companions again, unless it should be at some place of execution; but one's opinion changes upon many things in this world, and I have been on board worse ships, and mated with worse crews, than that of the Mother Carey."

"But how long *were* you on board of her, before you had an opportunity of escape?"

"Well, really," said Maguire, sucking slowly at his pipe, and regarding Robert with a sort of comical grimness, "I can't quite say as to the opportunity of escape, but I was with the Mother Carey—or, at all events, with her chickens, for she went to the bottom the next cruise—for about *twenty years*. But there, it's getting late, lad, and time to turn in, so I'll finish my yarn another time." And with that he rose, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and with a nod at his petrified young companion, descended gravely into the steerage.

Twenty years the companion of pirates! It was clear, even to the inexperience of Robert Chesney, that no man could be among such persons for such a length of time, and yet not of them. "Misther Maguire," then, who enjoyed such respect below-stairs, and with Murphy, and who even associated on familiar terms with Mr. Denton himself, had been in his time "a gentleman of fortune," as he had delicately put it, "belonging to the sea!" This was sufficiently astounding, of course, but it was not absolutely shocking to the feelings; for, in the first place, the whole story might be untrue—"only a yarn," as the narrator himself had termed it, spun to beguile an idle hour, or to impose upon his own (Robert's) credulity; and secondly, if it was true (and indeed he believed it to be so), the circumstance had happened so long ago, and was so much out of the pale of ordinary experience, that it was robbed of its more offensive features. Piracy, as Robert understood, was a thing of the past; and this strange fellow-passenger of his must have been one of the very last of that now legendary race, whose hand was against every man, and every man's hand against them.

He lay awake half the night thinking of the Mother Carey, and dreamed of a "speckled-shirted dog," and not until the morning—so wholly had the greater wonder absorbed the lesser—did he remember what Maguire had told him of Kavanagh's presence on board the Star of Erin. That day, after dinner, Murphy came to him with the information that Mr. Denton wished to see him on a matter of importance.

"He is better, then?" observed Robert.

"Yes, he's better, but still in his berth; and the light hurts his eyes, and he must talk through the curtain."

When Robert knocked at the cabin-door, it was certainly a stronger and more healthy voice that bade him "come in" than he had expected to hear; and he found Mr. Denton, though still confined to bed, very different in appearance from what he had expected. Not only was he far from looking like a sick man but lately *in extremis*, but even better than when he had seen him in Herne street.

"Sit down there, Robert," said he, pointing to a seat beside his pillow, but separated from it by the curtain which was drawn round him, "and tell me about the boys."

Robert made his report; to which the other seemed to listen attentively, then expressed his high approval of what he had done.

"With Mr. Kavanagh away, and myself ill," said he, frankly, "I don't know how we should have got on without you. I hope you find your own position comfortable on board, as I am sure it deserves to be?"

"Yes, thank you, sir."

It seemed ungrateful to say to this kind old invalid; "But the promise that you made to me has not been kept with respect to one thing—that Mr. Frank was to come with us."

"And did you write home, as I told you, and bid your pretty sweetheart reply to you at Liverpool?"

"I wrote home, sir, and got an answer," replied Robert, a little stiffly.

Mr. Denton was not his patron, and this light allusion to his Lizzie seemed unjustifiable. Moreover, there was a movement of the curtain which suggested that his companion might be laughing at him—rather heartily for a sick man.

"And what did the young woman say, Robert?"

"Well—she sent me but ill news, sir; but such as it was, it only concerns myself and her. If Mr. Kavanagh had asked me, it would be different, but you must excuse—"

There was a chuckle from the bed; the curtain was drawn suddenly back, and to Robert's intense astonishment, revealed Mr. Frank Kavanagh himself, just as he had seen him on the morning after their adventure, except that he had a smoking-cap on his head, which he wore, perhaps, by way of night-cap!

"There goes my scalp," cried he, flinging the gray wig which had so long concealed his own curling locks, against the cabin wall, "and Mr. Denton with it, though, you see, he has kept his word with you, after all."

Robert took the hand that was extended to him in all sincerity; he was delighted to find himself once more face to face with his friendly patron; but his prevailing idea was still that of astonishment at the means that had secured this incognito.

"So you were Mr. Denton, were you, all along, sir, and Mr. Wilson as well?"

"Yes," returned Kavanagh, gravely; the gay tone and the smiling look both vanished—swept away, as Robert judged, by the tender memory which the latter *alias* had evoked—"yes. There were reasons—political ones—why I lived in Herne street, under a feigned name."

"And when the police came on board, they never found you out either! You should have seen them on deck, sir, scrutinizing us all, and feeling the hair of our heads, though why they did that I cannot imagine."

"Nor any one else, I should think," said Kavanagh, forcing a laugh; "they were not very sagacious, truly, but they were very civil. The inspector apologized for disturbing so confirmed an invalid as myself. But enough of that; I wish to know of your own affairs, Robert. What of your sweetheart, and her ill news? Can she not reconcile herself to your leaving her, and taking so long a journey? Well, that is only to be expected."

A sigh followed Kavanagh's words; Robert felt even more certain than before that what had so suddenly turned his impulsive patron's mirth to melancholy was the remembrance of "pretty Miss Mary."

"No, sir; it is worse than that;" and he told him of the troubles which Lizzie's letter had disclosed to him.

"Well, well," said Kavanagh, cheerfully, "we need not be afraid that a good-looking lad like you will be cut out by your step-father; but the poverty and the poaching are real misfortunes. What a pity we could not have brought the whole family out with us."

"Yes, indeed, sir; that is what I had in my mind when we were at Liverpool," answered Robert. "If I had known who you were, I think I should have plucked up courage to ask you that great favor, notwithstanding all the obligations—"

"Tush, tush!" interrupted the other kindly; "don't talk of them. Without a treasurer and comptroller such as you have proved yourself to be, we could never have got on as we have. Even Murphy allows that. No, no; the debt is quite on the other side. As for your friends trying their luck in the New World, they can do that still; and it is much better that they should follow you when you have got settled somewhere, than help to swell the number of our incapables. If money is wanting for their passage, I will let you have it—advance it out of your salary, if you are too proud to take it as a gift. There, there; that is settled, so no more words about it."

It was no longer a wonder to Robert that "the boys" should have such reverence for their "young masther," for he felt himself as though he could have laid down his life for his sake. It was not only gratitude which affected him; there was an indescribable charm in Kavanagh's tone and manner that was wholly removed from the lad's experience, and almost seemed to him to belong to a superior being; it was not patronage, and it was not friendship, but it had the grace of the one, and the tenderness of the other.

"Indeed, sir, you overwhelm me with kindness," was all he could answer; "and I only hope I may show myself—"

"Yes, yes, we shall always be good friends, Robert," interrupted the other; "I am sure of that. And now about the boys—I mean *my* boys. Are they under the belief that I have forsaken them, or have they more faith than some people I could mention?"

"Well, sir," replied Robert, apologetically, "they are still too sick to be very urgent about anything else, and besides, they don't see why you should not step on board any day from some island or continent."

Kavanagh laughed, but there was a touch of pity in the tone in which he replied: "Ah! yes, that is likely enough. They know nothing but what the priest tells them, poor fellows!"—then added still more gravely: "and perhaps the greatest proof of their simplicity is their belief in myself."

Here, somewhat to Robert's relief—for Kavanagh's voice had sunk so low that his companion scarcely knew whether this last observation was intended for his ear or not there was a knock at the cabin door, and Murphy entered, which put an end to further confidential talk.

CHAPTER X.

THE CLOUDS GATHER.

The next time Maguire met Robert, his quick eye detected a difference in the lad's expression. "Ah!" said he!" "you have seen him, I perceive. Did I not tell you the truth?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Robert. "But you must allow there was some cause for incredulity. Surely nothing could be more unlikely than the whole affair."

"To *you*, perhaps not," answered Maguire. "But as for me, I am too old to be astonished at anything. Besides, I have seen a much stranger thing in the way of 'keeping quiet' on board ship."

"Then that must have been on board the Mother Carey," said Robert smiling.

"Well, lad, it was so." He, too, smiled good naturedly enough, for he saw that the lad was greedy to hear more of that adventure; and lighting his pipe, and sitting down under the bulwarks as before, proceeded to gratify him.

"The story of my life would weary you, and, besides, some of its incidents might prove a trifle too strong for your stomach. But what we have just been saying, reminds me of a curious circumstance. While I was, per force, a member of the pirate crew, they met with some hard knocks, for it is not every ship that gives up to the black flag without a tussle; and next to Captain Grim himself (as he was termed, for neither he nor his men were particular about preserving their real names,) the greatest fire-eater among them was a good-looking young fellow called Galley. He was not a general favorite, because he kept himself to himself, and did not drink much; but his bravery made him respected. I well remember his resenting some innuendoes of the mate, with respect to his sparing the punch, in order that he might win at cards, one night, by throwing the whole bowl of liquor over him, and the duel that took place in consequence. When any of the crew quarrelled, it was not permitted to fight on board, but they were put out on the first land we came to, and there settled the matter with sword or pistol. The way in which young Galley polished off the mate with the sharp steel in half a dozen cuts was a very pretty sight, nor have I ever seen a man of his age so dexterous with that weapon. Whenever we met a bigger ship than we liked the look of, and it was a question of flight or fight, he was always for fighting; and sometimes, when we have been chatting together, just as you and I are now, he would express himself with respect to his own trade in the most truculent manner. Being only a sort of amateur myself, I was allowed to have my own opinion about piracy, and I ventured to tell him that it seemed, to me to be an unsatisfactory sort of life, especially as it had for the most part a noose of rope at the end of it. 'And quite right too,' said he; 'if it were not for hanging us pretty fellows, every cowardly scoundrel would turn pirate, and so infest the seas that men of courage would starve. The ocean would be crowded with rogues, like the land, and no merchant would dare venture out, so that our trade would no longer be worth the following.' Well, when the Mother Carey came to grief, and her chickens were lodged in jail, previously to having their necks wrung, an appeal was made to the court on behalf of Galley, such as astonished me more than if the honest fellow had played booty, and turned king's evidence: his defence was, that he was a

young woman. And as one of the gentler sex, supposed to be incapable of piratical conduct—and also being very good-looking—the judges acquitted her on that plea. And now you will easily understand, my friend, how the fact of Mr. Kavanagh's turning out to be Mr. Denton does not appear to me so very extraordinary. You may think that one of us, at all events, was cognizant of Galley's sex, for whose sake, perhaps, he might even have assumed the masculine garb; but this was certainly not so; and, indeed, the sixth article of our regulations (which were common, I believe, to all the fraternity) ran as follows: *If any man is found carrying a woman to sea disguised or even conniving at such an act, he shall suffer death.*"

"You had laws, then, it seems, like honest people?" observed Robert.

"Most certainly. We had Articles of War, some of which, at least, were as strictly observed as on board of a king's ship, and to which every man had to subscribe; and I did so myself (though of course under compulsion.) There were ten (if I remember right) in all. Number one established universal suffrage: *Every man had an equal vote in affairs of moment; an equal share of the fresh provisions and strong liquors at any time seized, and might use them at pleasure, unless a scarcity* (no uncommon thing with us) *made it necessary to vote a retrenchment.* Number two referred to public property *in which, if any man defrauded his companions if it was but the worth of a dollar, he was marooned* (that is, set on the first desolate island we might come to, with a gun and a few charges of powder and shot, and a bottle of water, to perish of starvation.) *If the robbery was only between one and another the offender had his ears and nose split, but was not marooned.* The third article was directed against gambling, and was by no means scrupulously observed. The fourth commanded *candles and other lights to be extinguished at eight o'clock; and if any of the crew after that hour were still inclined for drinking, they were to drink on the open deck.* The fifth related to keeping the cutlasses and pistols clean and fit for service, and was the most popular of all. The men were extravagantly nice in the beauty and richness of their weapons, and would give sometimes at an auction (at the mast) as much as forty pounds a pair for pistols, which they wore in time of service slung over their shoulders, and adorned with ribbons. The sixth article I have already quoted. The seventh decreed *death to any man who should desert the ship or his quarters in battle.* The eighth was to arrange quarrels. *There was to be no striking on board, but* (as I have said), *at the nearest convenient spot, the disputants were landed, and placed back to back at twenty paces. At the word of command they turned and fired immediately or else the piece was knocked out of their hands. Then, if both missed, they came to their cutlasses and who drew first blood was held the victor.* The ninth enacted that *no man should talk of breaking up their way of living until each had cleared a thousand pounds. But if any man should lose a limb or become a cripple in the public service, he was to have eight hundred dollars out of the common stock, and for the lesser hurts proportionally.* The tenth and last article provided that *the captain and quartermaster should receive two shares of a prize; the master, boatswain and gunner, one share and a half; and other officers, one and a quarter.*"

"Then there were persons in authority, as well as laws among you?" remarked Robert, not forgetful of Mr. Maguire's anarchical opinions of the previous night.

"Yes, there were; nor do I deny that such institutions are necessary. Nevertheless, so far as government was concerned, the Mother Carey was, I contend, a model vessel; nay, there is no doubt, looking at the matter as a commercial speculation, that, with ordinary prudence, any man on board might have made his thousand pounds twice over! The law against drunkenness, however, and gambling was alm st a dead letter; and the captain, as you may judge from my own case, was unnecessarily brutal."

"Was he cruel to others as well as yourself, then?" inquired Robert.

"Yes, indeed. I have known him make a poor skipper, in whose cargo he was disappointed, eat his own ears with pepper and salt! He had not the head-piece for a captain; and that is what I complain of in other societies, that men who are altogether unfit for it are trusted with authority."

Robert was too horrified with the incident of the skipper's ears to pay much attention to this philosophical observation; but it did not escape him that Mr. Maguire was very charitable in his views with respect to piracy, and seemed inexplicably desirous to make his listener a convert to them. At that time, however, he did not think very seriously of the matter. Mr. Maguire still appeared to him in the light of a *lusus naturæ*—a being to excite wonder rather than apprehension. He did not reflect that representations of exciting adventure, and wealth easily come by, although they had no influence upon himself, might have their weight with more ignorant and impulsive hearers; that the spark which falls innocuous on the hearthrug, will set a heap of shavings in a blaze.

"You think, then, that if you had had a wise man instead of a brute for captain, you would have made an excellent speculation of the Mother Carey," observed Robert, dryly; "and that each of the crew might have retired from business upon a handsome fortune?"

"Yes, I do," said Maguire, boldly. "If I had not been an ass at that time, I might now myself be a rich man, for that matter."

"They gave you a share of their gains, then, though you were but an amateur?"

"Of course they did; why the deuce should they not?" answered the other, so naively, and even indignantly, that Robert refrained from putting the inquiry that had suggested itself, as to how Mr. Maguire had reconciled it to his conscience to partake of such ill-got spoil. "Yes, I could have made my fortune," continued he, "had I had the head on my shoulders which I carry now; while Captain Grim, drunkard and gambler as he was, used to boast of his twenty thousand pounds laid up in some place, which he was wont to say 'only himself and the devil knew of; and the longest liver should take all.' His weakness was drink," continued Mr. Maguire, in a deprecating tone; "under the influence of which he became just what all men in authority become who have no right to their high places—tyrannical. I shall never forget his firing a brace of pistols right and left under the dinner-table one night among us all, 'in order,' as he explained, 'that we should not forget who he was.' We fined him eight hundred dollars, however, for breaking the mate's leg with one of the bullets, so that it was an expensive shot."

"Then it must have been rather dangerous work to be even purser on board the Mother Carey?" remarked Robert.

"Oh, that was nothing," answered Maguire coolly. "I've—that is, I have known a man on board that ship to stand in the powder-magazine during an action in which we were likely to get the worst of it, torch in hand, with orders from the captain to send all to bl-ze if one things went the wrong way. But here's one of your sheep from the steerage in search of his shepherd." And leaving Robert with one of his many charges, who happened to come up at that moment to make some complaint respecting rations—he had forgotten for the tenth time to bring his pannikin and other utensils on deck to receive them, and the steward had poured rice, oatmeal, and flour, peas, sugar, and tea, into one pepper box, in a rage—Mr. Maguire sauntered away. It struck Robert that he was glad to do so; that he had spoken rather more freely than he had intended to do respecting his own share in the proceedings of the crew of the Mother Carey, and this idea was strengthened by the fact, that he made no further allusion to that vessel of his own accord, and was chary of doing so even when interrogated concerning her.

When they had been about two months at sea, an incident happened to vary the monotony of their existence. Mr. Kavanagh emerged from his cabin in his own proper character. The enthusiasm among the tenants of the steerage was immense, yet not so great as it would have been, had his presence on board been unsuspected; one by one, "the boys"—that is, his own Tipperary boys—had been of late admitted into the secret, and these had told the rest. But even as it was, the turmoil and excitement were something startling. There was not only joy that the young master was among them; there was also triumph because a victory had been obtained over the law. The crew, indeed, were comparatively indifferent about the matter, but they formed but a small portion of the population of the Star of Erin. The captain, as Robert could not but remark, not only did not share in these manifestations of delight, but showed some signs of displeasure. This might be accounted for by the fact, that he had been imposed upon—used as a cat's paw by Kavanagh—for it seemed he had himself been ignorant hitherto of the identity of that gentleman with Denton; but, at all events, so it was. The steerage passengers were exceedingly uproarious that night, having had liquor supplied them by Murphy; and Robert remained on deck until a late hour, in case his services might be required amongst them. While thus keeping voluntary watch, the captain came up and spoke with him on the matter, and his manner seemed uneasy; they both agreed that to give liquor in such abundance to so excitable a throng was most injudicious. It might have been fancy, but, in the moonlight, Robert caught sight of something gleaming in the captain's breast-pocket which looked very like the butt of a revolver.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WERTZAL THE SCOUT;

OR,

The Phantom of the Black Hills.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

CHAPTER XXXII.

REUNITED.

The journey so inauspiciously commenced had a better ending for our friends. With fear and trembling, Kate and Emily again "embarked," but aside from a few scares on being interviewed by small parties of *high Lo's*, who, finding the travellers both vigilant and uncompromising, hovered like buzzards for awhile along their track and then circled away nothing frightful occurred. They were sorry to have Brette slough off from the party, and watched his turban nodding and flapping toward Abiquin, New Mexico, with profound regret.

But for many days the escort and general traveller were a precious handsome set.

Colonel Fitzjohn had an up and down stroke in the cheek, suggestive of the savage trade-mark, and imitated Wertzal's style, inasmuch as he wore one eye in a sling, and wouldn't make a pretty vignette for a government bond. Dicky had his small black face completely covered over, "ez of he'd been fightin' catamounts;" but the sturdy fellow in spite of several stitches in his side, where a knife thrust had been brought together, still refused to remain behind the others.

Dick Marsh was privately branded XX in several sections of the body, but the wounds of all were merely flesh ones, and no one thought of complaining.

Dan Fitzjohn *had* distributed his own mail matter, and yoked the wrists of the fellow who had been hired to assassinate his brother, carrying him back where the law or vigilance committees could arrange his future for him. Into Arizona—on the sunset side of the Rockies, at last, and nearing their destination.

Lieutenant Strother rode out with an escort some fifty miles and met them. He seized the first favorable moment to converse apart with his wife, and Kate clasped her hands in mute ecstasy over the communication. Once arrived in M——, the party, entire, was conducted to Evart's hotel, where preparations had been made to receive them.

In a short time Richard Marsh was telegraphed from the private parlor with some sort of a free-mason sign given him unnoticed by the rest.

Wertzal, Rubber Dick and Fitzjohn were in the bar-room completely walled in by groups of miners intent upon hearing past adventures of these famous men. Mrs. Strother and Emily were alone in the room. The lamps had not been lighted, for early twilight was just descending upon the earth. Emily had just spoken of their happy and safe arrival. The door opened and Evarts entered. A sort of mystic signal passed between him and Catherine.

Emily, hearing the door open and no one speak, turned from the window where she had been standing, and fixed her startled and dilating eyes upon the silent intruder. For a brief time she gazed spell-bound upon the bronzed face and fierce moustache, then her glance rose and centred upon the deep, questioning eyes. For an instant the lashes of her beautiful blue orbs quivered, as eyelids sometimes will before a blaze of lightning, and she involuntarily advanced one eager step, her lips slightly apart as if she would speak—then the arms of the man were extended toward her, and with the low, joyful exclamation, "Georgie!" she rushed into his embrace.

Mrs. Strother softly arose and glided away.

Half an hour afterward she came in, and in her charmingly familiar manner said—

"Emily and Georgie are to come out to tea."

"Oh, Kathy," and the pretty creature shakes her soft curls back from her face and, squeezing a hand of each which she holds in hers, "how like a beautiful, beautiful story the ending is."

"Poor little Emily," says George Evarts Armstrong, tenderly, and a tride of manly patronizing in the expression, as if he were a gigantic six feet-two fellow in his stockings, "we have so much to forgive."

"Emily has done nothing wrong," returned Mrs. Strother, with that lofty assumption of dignity so fascinating in her; "but, Georgie—no matter if we haven't been formally introduced—Mr Armstrong, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to think that she had eloped."

"But having no suspicion that she ever contemplated coming West, and returning East for her, and finding her gone with that handsome and agreeable Cousin Dick, and their whereabouts unknown, what was a jealous man to conclude? I returned to my old stand West again, and as they had not reported themselves—after developments show why—I tell you it nearly killed me."

"It was a trying experience, I will confess, but you must remember, in the future, all that she has suffered in trying to come to Georgie"—infinite pathos in her tone—"and never, never be a naughty boy eg in."

"I promise;" and he shook Catherine's hand to seal the contract.

"Shakspeare has a beautifully-pointed text for this occasion," laughed the amiable woman, "'All's well that ends well.'"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FINIS.

One scene more, if you are not already weary. The night is too lovely to be allowed to waste itself unheeded. The full and mellow moon rolls serenely along her heavenly course, flooding earth with a matchless glow, and calmly unmindful of both the happiness and the misery lighted up by her radiant effulgence. The fairies are busily distilling the perfumes of the flowers, and wafting them prodigally abroad. The birds—impressive creatures—chirp in their slumbers and rustle about their nests and perches, while a myriad bands of insects, without pipe or prompter, begin their jubilee chorus, and toot and drum and trill away in an endless round of accord.

The scene is not fenced in by high brick walls. There is no rattle and rumble of vehicles upon the pavements; the moonlight isn't burlesqued by gas-jets; but a little outside of the frontier city the night lies calm upon the plains.

There is a mild carnival within. A military ball is in full blast, although the season is rather late for that sort of thing. "Circumstances alter cases," and as there were to be changes at the fort, and old soldiers were to leave the barracks and new ones come in, this occasion was begotten for an adieu on a grand scale. Colonel Medway had thrown open his rather pretentious buildings, and insisted on their being occupied for the much-talked-of affair. The military band, in some alcove, were pinching and punching the poor instruments, causing those tantalizing and premonitory tools and growls that herald the grand rush of string and wind.

Knots of officers stroked out their pretentious moustaches, and complacently glanced at the eagles, leaves, or bars upon their shoulders; while the ladies flattered and breezed, and courted them with all the assiduity manifested in more eastern society. A heterogeneous mass, consisting of loafers, orderlies, Indians and half-breeds, were in the barrack-yards, engaging in all sorts of muscular exercises, and varying the performances by crossing the street and staring their fill upon the gay people alighting at and entering the Medway mansion.

We see Strother, whose year in Arizona has brought him under the notice of men that want him to fill other positions. He manages the rough miners with such tact that they have given him the prefix of Captain, and stationed him at Fort H——.

Wertzal and Rubber Dick, neither one evidently any the worse for wear, are creating huge roars of laughter among the spectators at the barracks by tough stories and tougher wrestling, leaping and boxing, and have just agreed to try a foot-race. Dicky's squaw has, of late, been taken under the protection of Mrs. Strother and Emily, who are bound to civilize her: but the reader readily guesses that she does not take rapidly to the proprieties. What these two women will yet do with Wertzal, it is impossible to conjecture.

"If you only wouldn't straggle about these dreadful plains any more, dear old Wertzal," coaxes pretty Emily. "But would just attach your fortune to Georgie's and mine, I should be so happy. We would make a pet of you, old darling," and her soft hand smoothes the old man's grizzled locks.

He gives an odd laugh. "Ef you've got yer mind fixed on this ere style ov plaything, little gall, I'll brung ye in some day a Rocky Mountin grizzly. Agin, my legitimate biz is ter straggle about the plains, an' ef that hadn't ev been my natur, whar d'ye think Georgie's leetle beauty would ev been now?"

For answer, Emily only strokes his thin, gray locks.

By and by she begins again. "But when you are tired of this life, or get old, you'll come to us and let us make your last days bright and pleasant, won't you?"

"I will; an' yer shall make anything yer a mind to of me—even to a statoot of beauty—enything ter please ye, leetle gall."

"I'm going one of these days," she says confidingly to him, "to write a book of adventures on the frontier, and I want your picture, dressed in the garb of a border scout, for the frontispiece."

Wertzal interrupted with a roar of heartfelt laughter. "An' affront is-piece? Thar, ye hev it, by Jupiter! But, yas, yes, anything, fur yer the only critter on the wide arth that hes a rale, bony-fide hold ov Wertzal's gizzard; and thar ain't ar mite or Boff to yer—yer feel ez yer tork."

And Emily—bright, beautiful, gifted Emily—her heart overflowing with gratitude to the old hero who perilled life and limb to save her from a fate of whose horrors she too often dreams even now, squeezes his hard, scarred hand, and suddenly stooping, lays her sweet lips against his wrinkled brow and kisses him. The wrinkled visage furrows up more closely with a strange twitching of the facial muscles. The cause is patent. This is the only woman's kiss that in all his sixty years of life he remembers receiving.

"Remember," she says, flashing a parting smile over her shoulder, and speaking in her pretty, imperative, childish way, which was always weighty with an undertone of earnest feeling, "that at last you are to be my old darling, to wait on and sing to sleep."

A sudden moisture gathered in the one fierce eye as the old hero watched her retreating form.

"Thar! thar!" he chided himself, "don't yer, don't yer, Wertzal; a tear droppin' from yer eye would skeer yer ter death. But that was purty, 'Sing yer ter sleep.' Mabbe, mabbe; but I 'spect at ther last to roll in ther grass and die alone. Ef she only might—purty leetle thing!—'sing yer ter sleep.' Yas, yas, 'sing yer to sleep.'"

But on the night of the military ball, when the scene was gayest, the music running wild with its own sweet, exultant spirit, a late party galloped up to the entrance of Medway's mansion. A waiting groom took charge of the horses. The foremost couples passed directly in. One pair remained, and gazing a moment into the brilliantly-lighted interior, felt themselves affected by the festive scene.

"Oh, that beautiful waltz!" and Emily, with that graceful abandon peculiar to her nature, lifts the trail of her long, dark-blue habit over her arm, and putting out her soft, delicate hand to her companion, exclaims: "Will you not dance here, George?" and in this unique style treads out a measure or two, with the moon of matchless yellow gems pouring out under her blue velvet cap, and braiding themselves with the fibres of her swaying plume. It was a charming picture, and so thought the dark-eyed Georgie as he followed the fairy steps of his wife.

A shout at that moment was going up from the barrack yards on the conclusion of a foot-race between Wertzal and Rubber Dick, there being any amount of plugs of tobacco hanging upon the issue.

Thump! thump! thump! went the old scout's invincible lungs, and Dicky, with a pitch at his breeches once after with his quick rubber springs; and chuff, chuff, chuff went the breath of the panting racers, before they had finished the measured distance.

Thump—thump! is Wertzal going to take the pole and come to winner? He certainly is terse strides ahead when *bounce* goes Rubber Dick in the air, coming down astride of the old veteran's shoulders, and so they reach the goal together, while frantic hurrahs distend the windpipes of the lookers on.

Never was angst more true than that the sublime and the ridiculous are only a foot apart.

A young officer leaned against one of the balcony pillars of Colonel Medway's mansion. To his left were ringing the shouts of the barrack fellows; before him floated the piquant figure of Emily in her impromptu waltz, with the slender hand clinging to Georgie's nervous fingers.

His fixed, abstracted gaze attracted the garrulous subordinate lounging near.

"George Armstrong and lady," volunteered the unquestioned informant. "Colonel Deury has got him on his staff; smart fellow, they say; and his beautiful wife has been twice captured by Indians. It is said that she screams at the sight of a half-breed now, excepting Rubber Dick, who aided her last escape."

One more long, lingering look, and the silent officer turned and walked down the piazza steps, mounted his horse and spurred away.

It was Captain Dave Vance. What became of Emily's half-breed lover history sayeth not.

Brette, lying in wait at a fitting opportunity, was able to solve the method by which the horrible phantom produced those infernal, blood-chilling cries. Either by some mystic understanding between himself and the horse which he rode, or by means of some torturing tweezer, he drew from the animal's leather lungs, in unison with his own, that fierce, diabolical, neighing yell.

Now then, dear reader, give us your hand, and we will leap from this paper stage, and allow the manager to introduce new actors. ADIEU.

WHICH LOVED HIM?

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY PRESLEY W. MORRIS.

The breeze blew up from the garden the spicy fragrance of carnations. The birds in the orchard were singing their sweetest melodies. The trees upon the avenue cast long shadows. It was a beautiful summer evening.

A group of young people were upon the piazza of Gerald Vandyke's summer residence. They were all his guests. Gerald always had a large number of people with him in the summer.

"It takes Rob Meredith an unaccountably long period of time to go to a farm-house half a mile away and return," said some one.

"Indeed it does," returned a very handsome young gentleman, Frank Vincent by name; "but then there is a young lady in the case. I'll venture that Miss Thornton and he, at this moment, are walking very slowly along the road, carrying on a desperate flirtation, and they are perfectly regardless of the flight of time, or of the fact that half a dozen of us are waiting in suspense."

"And old Tempus will not cease to fly even when a game of croquet is being delayed," said the first speaker.

"No," returned Frank. "Yonder they come, however. Now for the lawn."

Five minutes later a lively game of croquet was in progress, in which Miss Fannie Thornton and Mr. Robert Meredith were taking an active part. Perhaps it will be best to briefly describe these two people. Miss Thornton was Farmer Thornton's daughter. A rambling but pleasant old house, situated half a mile away from Gerald Vandyke's stylish residence, was her home. She was a tall girl with quite a pretty face. Her form was slender and graceful. She was a lady in manners, and quite popular with Vandyke's guests. Yes, very popular, though it was well-known that she had taught several terms in "district schools." I do not think that any of the girls had any objections to playing croquet with her on that account, and I am sure that the young gentleman had not.

Mr. Robert Meredith was a genial young fellow of twenty-five or thereabouts—a particular friend of the Vandykes'. He was wealthy and handsome, having a pleasant face, and frank gray eyes. When it is added that he was a young man of good principles, good sense and good nature, it is not necessary to say more.

"Rob, we are going to have a fresh arrival of guests to-morrow," said Frank Vincent during the game of croquet.

"Are we?" said Robert. "I can't say that I shall either mourn or rejoice. I am enjoying myself hugely with those that are here, but still I can't say that I wish anybody the bad luck to be kept away from Vandyke's summer quarters, who has a chance to come, not even if we should become uncomfortably crowded. In that latter case I'd be perfectly resigned to—"

"Well, what?" asked Frank, as Robert paused.

"To have you sleep in the observatory," Rob answered, coolly.

"Yes, indeed!" said Frank. "However, I think you will rejoice a little at our arrival to-morrow."

"Who is it?"

"Miss Ellie Warburton. Are you glad?"

"Oh, I'm not very sorry. Miss Warburton is decidedly a pleasant young lady."

"To be sure," Frank returned. "And I frequently wonder if Mr. Robert Meredith has not been near to proposing to her, occasionally."

"Humph!" Rob muttered.

"*That* young gentleman hovered about her a great deal last winter," Frank continued. "However, for aught I know, it may have been only a flirtation. Still the signs were rather favorable, I thought, at times, for something more serious."

"Mr. Meredith, play," cried Fannie Thornton, who was Robert's partner.

Mr. Meredith played. He made a lucky stroke, and continued to play for some time. He became separated from Frank Vincent, and no more was said upon the subject about which they had been talking.

After the game was ended, Rob Meredith escorted Miss Thornton back to her home. The next day came the fresh arrival of guests, among whom was Miss Ellie Warburton. I cannot say that Miss Warburton was any handsomer, or any more of a lady in manners than Fannie Thornton—both were certainly lovely girls—but then, in the eyes of a great many people, she possessed one advantage. To be brief, she had a snug fortune of her own, that reached up toward a hundred thousand dollars.

I must tell the truth about Robert Meredith and her. He *had* been no great way from proposing the previous winter, but—well, perhaps fate had decreed otherwise. At any rate, though he had told himself that he was very near to loving her, at least he had not proposed.

And she? She would, in all probability, have said yes.

And she was not in any more than good time in coming out to Gerald Vandyke's as a guest, if she wished to keep her hold on Rob. Miss Fannie Thornton, farmer's daughter, and district schoolmistress, was obtaining a sway over his heart last night, in time, surpass that which *she* held—especially if it was undisputed. It may not be true that absence conquers love, but it is pretty sure that a lovely rival *present*, has an advantage over one *absent*, if both stand equally high in a man's regard. I do not think that generous Rob Meredith would have thought of putting money in the balance on either side.

So you perceive, do you not, that if Ellie Warburton had any desire in her heart, unacknowledged if you please, to win Rob Meredith, it was fully time that she should be at Gerald Vandyke's?

Some days slipped away. Vandyke's guests enjoyed themselves hugely.

Rob Meredith divided his attentions about equally between Miss Thornton and Miss Warburton. At this time he had no strong preference for either one. If he had been forced to make instant choice between them, he would have been in a quandary. I do not think that there is anything very strange about this. A young man with ever so strong capabilities for loving, may come to a time when it is very hard to decide between two lovely girls. And for a long time his heart may be in a divided state, as it were. I am willing to grant that at this time he does not cherish for either any very deep or fervent love. Further, the period will come when circumstances or fate or something else will point out the one which he is to love with all his heart, and she will become the "one woman of all the world" for him.

As a matter of course the two young ladies met and were introduced. They did not become intimate, but still they were quite cordial toward each other.

One day, more than a week after Miss Warburton's arrival, a merry party was upon the lawn. You may be sure a game of croquet was on hand. Ellie Warburton and Fannie Thornton were both present. Frank Vincent had escorted Fannie from her home to Vandyke's this time.

"Where is Rob Meredith?" some person had asked when preparations were being made for the game.

Miss Warburton chanced to hear the question. "He has gone out riding on Mr. Vandyke's 'Sultan,'" she said carelessly.

"He would better beware of that horse—he is dangerous."

"So I told him, but he only laughed."

And Miss Warburton laughed too, as though she had done her duty and might be merry about it.

The game progressed. It was half done, when there was heard coming down the road the fierce clatter of hoofs. All turned in the direction of the sound and beheld Vandyke's "Sultan" tearing along at a mad gallop, with Rob Meredith on his back. The horse was running away. In a moment he had passed the entrance of the lawn, and was clattering farther away down the straight, hard road.

Fannie Thornton gave a wild scream and fell to the earth, fainting, her face perfectly colorless.

"Oh, he will be killed! He will be killed!" shrieked some of the girls.

"I think not," cried Ellie Warburton. "I noticed that he held the reins in his hands, and the road is level and straight."

And her words were verified. Half a mile down the road Rob checked Sultan himself. He turned and rode back to Vandyke's. Meantime Frank Vincent had lifted Fannie Thornton in his arms and carried her to the house. His face was pale as Fannie's. Poor Frank! his paleness was caused by *hers*. She soon revived, and was shortly able to go home.

After dinner Rob Meredith was seated on the piazza of Vandyke's residence. He was alone. The sun was low in the west, and the piazza was shaded and pleasant. Presently some one came out of the house and stood close by him. He had to half turn to see her. He did so, and beheld Miss Warburton.

"I am glad you were not injured, Mr. Meredith," she said quietly.

"Are you?" he returned coldly enough.

"Yes."

"I suppose you are, after a fashion," Rob broke out more warmly than the occasion seemed to demand. "Still, I am told that you didn't even change color when Sultan galloped past with me, while—"

He paused, rather ashamed of himself. She knew very well how he would have completed that sentence if he had completed it at all.

"I should have supposed that a heart of friendship would have drawn a little color from your cheek," Rob went on, getting angry because she was silent. "Yes, even that much, if no more. But I am not to review the past year and believe that much even."

"Why, Mr. Meredith," Ellie said laughingly, "I did not think you were in any great danger. I have had a dozen such runaway adventures as yours. You had a clear road before you."

Was she making sport of him? He paled, and for a moment was nearer to a declaration than he had ever been before. He felt an angry desire to test her, to see if there was aught of regard in her heart for him. But at that instant Gerald Vandyke himself came up from the lawn. He sat down and commenced talking about Sultan.

Miss Warburton felt that she *might* have said something else to Rob Meredith; that *she* had better control over herself than some people; that after all her heart had beaten tumultuously when Sultan was running away, though neither *her* words, nor face, nor manner had shown it.

But she had said nothing of the kind, and was very glad of it. And when Rob Meredith had grown calmer, he realized that he had been very foolish. Perhaps that realization made a breach between him and Miss Warburton. When a man feels that he has made a fool of himself before a woman, it may cause him to fight a little shy of her for a time at least.

The next time that Fannie Thornton came over to Vandyke's, she was not particularly embarrassed. A woman can faint when she sees a wild horse running away with a friend, without *that* meaning anything particular, can't she? Perhaps you think that action ought to have determined Rob Meredith's course. It didn't. Or, at any rate, no immediate consequence followed.

One evening Frank Vincent made a confession to Robert Meredith.

"I love Fannie Thornton, and I have told her so," getting through with it all, quickly.

"Shall I congratulate you?" Rob asked, quite calmly.

"No;" Frank returned. "She rejected me. But I still have a slight hope, for she did not say that she did not love me."

Robert expressed his sorrow. Perhaps it was only sorrow for his friend's pain, and not that he had been rejected. That may sound paradoxical—but it isn't, I assure you.

At last Robert Meredith concluded that he would try to force a denouement. Probably neither Miss Thornton nor Miss Warburton would answer yes to his asking. Still there would be nothing wrong in attempting to discover whether either loved him *truly*. If his experiment did no good, it could do no harm. And his idea was certainly not an entirely new one.

Rob went to Gerald Vandyke and enlisted him in his cause. That gentleman was perfectly willing to do all in his power for Rob. But he said—

"Dash it, man! what's your object?"

And Rob told him.

Soon it was noised about among the guests that Mr. Robert Meredith had lost his fortune, through some rascality of his business agent. Vandyke knew all about it. Mr. Meredith had given him the *facts* in the case. Of course everybody believed the story. Rob seemed to be taking his misfortunes calmly enough.

And when Fannie Thornton heard all this she grew very pale. A day later, however, Frank Vincent said to Rob—

"Congratulate me, for Fannie has made me happy. She has recalled her decision, and has promised to be mine. I was not in despair at all, for she *never said that she did not love me*."

Are lovers ever blind?

Robert Meredith did congratulate him. Then when Frank left him, he sought the conservatory. He could be alone there, and he wanted to think.

Yes; the words that he had said to Frank Vincent were sincere ones. He did not care if Fannie Thornton did not love him. Searching his heart, he discovered the truth. Now he loved Ellie Warburton sincerely, passionately, with all his heart.

Dear reader, the workings of love are very mysterious. How long this had been I cannot say. Mayhap it might have been that while he had heard of Fannie Thornton's engagement with something like indifference, that *that* had turned the current of his love in favor of Ellie Warburton. Perhaps, if Frank Vincent's affair had been with *Ellie*, the change in the other direction might have been just as great. However, these are merely my conjectures. Take them for whatever they may be worth!

As it was, Rob Meredith now told himself that he had all *along* hoped that Ellie Warburton *would stand his test*. One thing is certain; he would not *now* hear of *her* indifference to him, if such a thing should be, with carelessness, without pain. Far from it! His whole-hearted love for her *might* not be an hour old, but it was none the less genuine nor strong for that.

But could she love him?

His heart sank as he asked himself that question. A great fear seized him, and he scarcely dared hope. According to the fashion of romancers, Fannie should have been the one to love him. She did not; and how much less of a probability was there that Ellie did?

And then he regretted what he had done. Oh, if he could win Ellie, even with her knowing that he was rich, he would be satisfied.

"What a fool I have been to throw away a single chance," he murmured.

But it was not too late to remedy what he had done! No, not too late! He would consult Vandyke, and Vandyke would make it all right again!

There came a light step. Another person had entered the conservatory. Rob's head was bent on his hands, but on looking up he beheld Ellie Warburton.

"Mr. Meredith, I have heard that you have lost all your fortune," she cried, while a deeper tinge of crimson than usual dyed her cheeks, "and I am come to say that I am very sorry."

Rob rose to his feet with his eyes gleaming.

"Are you?" he asked.

"Indeed, I am very sorry."

Rob's heart throbbed. He loved this girl, and why not speak now? His love was foremost in his mind at that instant, and out the words came:

"Ellie, darling, I love you."

Deeper still grew the flush on her cheek. She began to tremble, and Rob seized her hand.

"Ellie, can you, do you love me?" he cried.

He got his answer immediately.

"Yes, Robert, I love you."

"Even fortuneless as I am?" he exclaimed, in delight.

"Even fortuneless as you are," she repeated. "I have enough for both.

Dear reader, lovers are lovers, the world over. Let us leave these two to themselves. However, you may be very certain that Ellie was not a bit sorry when it was made known to her in what a wicked manner *her* Rob and Gerald Vandyke had been deceiving everybody.

And again Fannie Thornton paled when she heard that Rob Meredith and Ellie Warburton were engaged. But she paled still more when she knew that, after all, Rob had not lost his fortune. Frank Vincent had told her. She had heard it with averted face. She gained her color presently. Then she went and put her arms about the neck of the man whom she had promised to marry, and kissed him.

Perhaps in that moment the current of her love set in favor of Frank Vincent. Who knows?

I hear, at any rate, that she makes him a good wife.

I know that Mr. and Mrs. Meredith are happy.

I am sure that any one can answer the question, "Who loved Robert Meredith truly?"

Darwin Parodied.

Something About the Emotions of Cats.

Mr. Darwin's new work upon the emotional affinities of the human and the brute creations has induced an able writer for the Titusville (Pa.) Press to gather such facts as are attainable concerning the humanly emulative habits of the domestic cat. An interview with a Mr. Spelter, director of a local boarding-house, and proprietor of a whole orchestra of feline musicians, revealed not only many curious truths respecting the animals concerned, but also that the race is engaged at present in certain mysterious out-door meetings of unknown import. "Mr. Spelter informed me," observed the writer, "that he had twenty of the familiar household pets about his establishment, which he keeps for the comfort of his single male lodgers, who, upon cold nights, take a cat to bed with them to keep their feet warm. No additional charge is made for this luxury by Mr. Spelter. About a week since a change in the demeanor of these animals was observable. A young gentleman boarder was about to retire for the night, and, as has been his custom since cold weather set in, called upon the landlord to furnish him with a cat and candle. The proprietor procured a candle, but upon reaching in under the stove for a cat, found none there. He then began a search for these living warming-pans in the pantry, the wood box, the bag of dried peaches, and the oven; but the only sign he could discover was a circular cavity or depression in a pan of bread that had been set to rise by the stove. The result of the search was in vain, and the inmates of the house went catless to bed that night. Spelter says the next day his pets all reappeared, and acted as if nothing had happened; but about sundown a change seemed to have come over them. Their eyes turned green, and sounds began to emanate from the older animals similar to the more delicious strains of the Italian opera. The younger animals also caught the operatic infection, and the entire feline tribe began to walk slowly around the room in couples, maintaining very orderly behavior, but seemingly suffering extreme mental anguish, which occasioned the cries they tried to repress. 'All at once,' said Mr. Spelter, 'without a word of warning, a large gray and white cat, of the Thomas variety, elevated the central vertebræ of his spine, his tail expanded like a hot-air balloon, and with an exclamation that sounded for all the world like, "Come, boys! come h-a a-b," with the last word drawn out like linked sweetness or sausages, plunged through the window, and was followed by the other nineteen in rapid succession, so that it seemed to a boarder, who happened to be standing outside, as if one variegated cat, about thirty feet long and with twenty tails, located at regular intervals along its spine, had jumped through the window.' Excited by the enormous graphic power of his own description in the last vivid clause, the Press writer becomes extravagant, and goes on to show that there are even symptoms of fraternization between the rats and their traditional enemies. A gentleman of much nocturnal observation has assured him 'that at a cat convention upon his fenced real estate, a few evenings ago, upon oyster cans, flower pots, and other elevations, sat great numbers of rats as interested spectators, holding in their paws pasteboard tickets of admission, which had evidently been provided by the cats themselves.' This, however, is evidently a departure from fact into fancy, and suggests rather a possibility of the future than a likelihood of the present.

THE GOLDING MYSTERY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MOLLIE THOMAS.

In the year 1853 I was visiting a friend in the small town of "Fairview," Virginia, when I was taken very ill with fever. A physician by the name of Dr. Golding attended me, and nursed me kindly through my protracted sickness, and by his gentlemanly deportment, and skill as a doctor, quite won my heart.

He was a married man, and I supposed him to be about forty years of age. He was quite portly and handsome, and a favorite with all who knew him. I was often struck by his great love for his wife; she seemed the all-absorbing thought of his mind, and the topic on which he delighted to dwell.

I did not see Mrs. Golding during my visit, though the doctor often told me that she would call on me as soon as I recovered my health. I remained at "Fairview" several weeks after I was quite well, but was disappointed that Mrs. Golding did not make the promised visit.

Some years after, I again visited F——, my old friend, the doctor, was the first to welcome me. He frequently called as he passed in visiting his patients. One afternoon he called, and I remarked to Lizzie (my friend) that I had never seen the doctor in better spirits. He stopped only a few moments, as he said he was going to see a gentleman in the country, some miles from town, and expected he should not be home before late at night. After he had gone, I remarked to Lizzie that I would not exchange the company of Dr. Golding, for that of any *young* man I ever knew. She laughed, and said "I'll tell Mrs. Golding of that, and make her jealous, though some persons do not think she loves her husband very much," I laughed, and then the subject changed.

The next morning Lizzie ran into my room before I was dressed, exclaiming in a horrified voice, "Oh, Maggie! *Dr. Golding is dead.*"

I looked at her for a moment, scarcely comprehending her, and cried, "*Impossible!*" and then added, "Lizzie, it must be a *mistake*, for Dr. Golding was here yesterday in perfect health; how can it be?" But she insisted that it was so, for her brother went to the Post Office, and heard it there, and said all the town was in a commotion about it, and there could be no doubt of it.

When Mr. West (Lizzie's husband) came in to breakfast, he gave us all the particulars that he could gather. They were these. Dr. Golding had returned home quite late, perhaps about 10 P. M., several persons saw him as he passed through the business part of town, on his way home. Mrs. Golding had told all else that was known. They lived alone, on the outskirts of the town, with only one servant. They had no children.

She had retired when he came home, and knew that he sat up writing for a short time after he came in, and supposed it was about eleven o'clock when he went to bed. She said that he complained of feeling very tired and not very well, but took no medicine (as is generally the case with doctors), and as she was sleepy, she thought nothing much of it, and they both soon fell asleep. After sleeping some hours, she was awakened by hearing him groan. She asked him if he felt worse, but received no answer, though she thought she heard him vainly trying to articulate. She arose and lit a lamp, and on approaching the bed, saw him gasping for breath. She tried to lift him up, but in a moment he expired. She then ran terrified to summon the servant girl; but he was past all earthly aid. The servant corroborated Mrs. Golding's statement so far as she knew. Doctors examined him, but found no traces of poison or foul play, and the coroner's jury returned a verdict of "Died by some unknown disease." No one knew of his having any disease, but it was ascertained on inquiry that his father had died of disease of the heart, and it was thought likely it was the case with him. This was all. He was buried with Masonic honors. But people did not seem satisfied, and whenever it was spoken of, they called it a great *mystery*.

In the same town lived Mr. King, a brother-in-law of Mrs. Golding's. Mrs. King, Mrs. Golding's sister, had died a year or two previous to the death of Dr. Golding; but Mr. King had never married again, nor indeed had he ever paid the slightest attention to any lady since. Mr. King was a wealthy lawyer, and his home was one of luxury. Dr. Golding was in only moderate circumstances, and their home was plain but neat. Mrs. King had always been a delicate lady, and when their little Lena was a year old she died, leaving her infant in the care of Mrs. Golding, her only sister. Mrs. Golding took the little girl to her own home, and lavished on her all the affection of a mother, for she had been denied the blessing of children, and she took the child to her heart at once. Dr. Golding's love for the child was scarcely less than that of his wife.

Mr. King lived alone in his own home, attended only by his servants. A great portion of his time he was away; but when at "Fairview," he devoted a great part of his time to his little daughter, who was a winsome little fairy.

But having thus gone back to explain family affairs, I will now proceed with this singular story.

I attended the funeral of Dr. Golding, and there for the first time saw Mrs. Golding. She seemed perfectly overcome and stupefied by her great trouble—moaning softly to herself, and when she raised her eyes, they had a bewildered, frightened look, as though she could scarcely comprehend her sudden bereavement.

Soon after all this happened I returned home, and soon almost ceased to think of it, when a few months after (not more than eight or nine months after Dr. Golding's death,) Lizzie wrote me that *Mrs. Golding and Mr King were married!* This news astonished me, and shocked me scarcely less than that of Dr. Golding's death. Lizzie wrote me that no one suspected it until they were *actually married*; for all had been conducted so quietly. True, busybodys and gossips had predicted that they *would* make a match, as they thought it would suit both parties; but all were taken by surprise when it took place before even a year had elapsed, and while Mrs. Golding still wore the deepest mourning. Lizzie added: "Madam Rumor says that little Lena was the cause of the early marriage; for after the death of Dr. G., Mrs. Golding remained for some months in her own house, secluded from the world, with no companions save Lena, and a nurse and cook. But seven months after his death she was urged to break up and go to live with a brother residing in a distant State. Accordingly she commenced preparations, but then came the *difficulty*—what was to be done with *Lena?*

"Mrs. Golding said she could never give her up, for she was all she had to love, and that her sister on her death-bed consigned her to her care; also, that Lena was so attached to her that she refused to leave her. Mr. King said that he could not part with his only child, and that she must remain with *him*. And so they compromised matters, so that both could retain their darling, by getting *married*." And now Mrs. Golding moved from her modest cottage, to become the mistress of the handsome establishment in "Fairview," and when she changed her home, she seemed also to change *herself*. When her widow's robes were laid aside, so also was the plain little lady, and in place she came forth the gayest of the gay, and one of the leaders of fashionable life. Seeing her *now*, no one would have recognized her as the plain Mrs. Golding of the cottage.

I met Mrs. King in my subsequent visits to "Fairview," very frequently, but did not fancy her much. She seemed too gay for one of her years, and who had been a widow. I remarked at times a kind of frightened, terrified look, where there was no seeming cause, and if any one remarked it, she would say it was nervousness, that she had been so all her life, and hoped we would think nothing of it. Mr. King seemed always kind to his wife, but never loving, for his heart seemed bound up in Lena.

A few years of gayety, and Mrs. King became transformed, from a lady of fashion, to a perfect recluse, and it was rumored that she was deranged. She shut herself up at home, and refused to go out, or to see company. At first her most intimate friends were received, and they said that she was undoubtedly insane; but they were soon forbidden to see her. For three or four months she remained thus, and then one morning her door was found locked, and no one could gain admittance. After a few hours Mr. King had the door forced, and then Mrs. King was found on the bed *dead*. By her side was a bottle of laudanum, and a written confession, saying that she had smothered Dr. Golding, as Hazael had murdered his master, by dipping a thickly-folded cloth in water, and laying it on his face while he slept, and then placing a pillow over that, and holding it down until he was dead. What she had told when questioned, she had invented. All this was done in order that she might marry Mr. King, and live in luxury and splendor. She laid well her plans, and carried them all out, but her elegance satisfied her not. She plunged into a vortex of gayety to stifle conscience, and tried in vain to be happy.

The demon of remorse seized her, and she imagined that her guilt was written on her face to be read of all, and that ere long she would be dragged from her home to suffer for her crime, and she determined to end her miserable life: but she could not even do that in peace, until she wrote a confession of her guilt. Soon after she was buried. And Mr. King took Lena, and went to Europe. And they have never since returned to this country.

Thus was cleared up the mystery of Dr. Golding's death.

The Coming Woman.

An Evening Party in the City of Churches—Rich Silks, Fine Laces, and Brilliant Diamonds—A $7,000 Outfit on a Miss of 7 Years—Young America Alive.

A party was given one evening last week by the parents of a young miss of 11 years, at their sumptuous residence in Brooklyn, the guests being exclusively the companions, male and female, of the daughter referred to. The party was a full-dress affair, the hours appointed being from 8 P. M. to 2 P. M. From 100 to 175 guests were present, who were received by their young hostess with as much ease and self-possession as a matron could assume.

The dresses consisted of white, pink, yellow, lavender, and ceil-blue silk, elaborately trimmed and decked with spangles. The hair was dressed in the latest style—frizzed, puffed, powdered, and adorned with flowers. Four-buttoned white kid gloves were generally worn, while French kid boots, matching the dresses in color, encased the feet. Only one thing was lacking in the miniature representation of an adult party, viz., enamelled faces. Powder, however, was freely used, but so artistically as to almost defy detection.

One little girl, if she could be recognized as such, particularly engaged attention. She could not have been more than nine years of age, and in addition to the powdered hair and dazzling costumes she sported with true appreciation a pair of diamond ear-rings, a gold chain and watch studded with diamonds. Upon each arm was a bracelet of elaborate workmanship, which she held up for display, exclaiming as she did so, "There's no sham about these; they're the real stuff, for mother said so."

Another child of seven summers was arrayed in a rose-colored silk, $7 per yard, trimmed with three-point applique flounces; a galaxy of diamonds and other expensive jewelry; a gold belt, the buckle of which was literally covered with diamonds; a band of gold encircled the head, and from a pendent therefrom sparkled a solitaire of great value. Her mother was heard to exclaim exultingly that the price of her child's outfit for that evening was $7,000. A jealous mother overhearing the remark, declared, "Upon the next occasion my daughter shall be dressed in tea-rose silk, which is by all means less common than pink. As for jewelry, she shall surpass Miss Nellie or I'm much mistaken."

The young gentlemen, whose ages ranged from 9 to 14 years, were generally attired in black dress coats, light pants, and lavender neckties. Their ambition was exhibited by conspicuous gold watch chains and seal ornaments. Rings of every description and quality were worn, consisting of diamonds, onyx, seal, amethyst, topaz, emeralds, &c. The hair of the elder swains was parted in the middle and worn in long, floating locks.

Music and dancing, interspersed with flirtations occupied the evening. At 12 the juvenile assembly were summoned to supper, which was perfect in its appointments, and served by colored waiters imported for the occasion. The adieus were spoken with sufficient grace and ceremony to satisfy the most ardent devotee of modern etiquette. As the reporter left the festive scene, the wonder why there was such a large number of vain and foolish women in the community had vanished.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Buried Alive.

A Terrible Experience—Caged in a Cemetery Vault—Thoughtless Trick of Schoolboys.

The Pittsburgh Mail says:—Attached to a certain Episcopal Church, not removed from the East Park, Allegheny, by any considerable distance, is a mild-mannered, respectable, but somewhat superstitious sexton. Beneath the church, or rather a little on one side of it, are situated several vaults, belonging to wealthy members of the congregation, in which are deposited the dead belonging to the several families. In one of these have been placed the unoffined remains of three generations. In pursuance of his duties, the sexton one day last week opened the massive door leading to the home of the dead referred to, taking with him a broom to sweep up the floor and shovel with which to remove any dirt which might have accumulated. His descent into the vault was noticed by a number of thoughtless schoolboys who were loitering in the vicinity. The sexton left the key outside the door. Quietly stealing their way to the portal, the lads, inspired by the spirit of mischief, closed the massive door, and while the sexton was engaged in his work, turned the key, and he was locked up—a living inmate of the charnel house, where the decaying anatomies of generations were deposited.

Having swept the floor of the vault, the unsuspecting official gathered a shovel full of the *debris* and with it started to the door. It was locked! He was stunned by the discovery. Shovel and its contents fell from his hands, and with almost superhuman force he pushed against the portal in his wild endeavors once again to reach the land of the living. The bolt refused to fall back, and in despair, fearing a living death, he descended again and pored the floor of the vault. Every sound was to him fraught with weird and ominous meaning. The footsteps on the sidewalk above sounded like the echoing farewells to the present life; the whistling wind as it moaned through the unclosed cracks of the door seemed the message of death from a forgotten world: his own footsteps seemed to sound his own death-knell. He was alone amid the ravages of the dread monster, death—the coffins spoke of ended life—the fleshless frames, on which living creatures had moved, were like spectres, and as he gazed upon the crumbling caskets he momentarily expected that they would part, and that bony fingers would clutch him by the throat and crush from him the last remnant of sacred vitality.

A noise was heard. It was the sound of a shooting bolt. Once again the frantic sexton ascended the strong stairs, and as he did, the door flew open, and the softened light of the moon's rays fell upon his joyous eyes. With one bound he passed the open portal, and he was released from a living death.

For three hours he had been confined in the charnel-house. One of the boys had been present when he was locked up, and informed his father of the event, and but for the candor of the lad the sexton might have died in a living tomb. The parent promptly proceeded to the vault and unlocked the door. As it was, he was almost frozen, and for the two days following his incarceration he had to keep his bed.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

AFFAIRS IN SPAIN.—A new Ministry has been formed in Spain. Like the proclamation of the republic, the change was effected without noise, tumult or confusion. The old Ministers retired and their successors were chosen by the Cortes. The following persons now fill the offices of State in Spain: President of the Council, Figueras; Minister of State, Castelar; Minister of Justice, N. Salmeron; Minister of the Interior, Pi y Margall; Minister of War, Acosta, Minister of War, Oreiro; Minister of Finance, Tetuan; Minister of Public works, Chao; Minister of Colonies, Serna. After the newly-elected Ministers had taken their seats, Senor Figueras, the President of the Council, addressed the Assembly and declared that there would be no change whatever in the programme of the government. The republican road would still be followed by the authorities, with a firm reliance upon the people to support and uphold a government which would be a pure reflection of their will. This change will make the Cabinet a unit as to their plans for the future, and bring them into close communion with the masses. Spain can now prepare for the work to be done in a proper manner, and take suitable measures to thwart the schemes and machinations of the Bourbons and Carlists. The people have full confidence in Senor Figueras, and he is now surrounded and supported by men who will make common cause with him for the future peace, glory and prosperity of Spain. The Ministerial crisis will strengthen rather than weaken and distract the party of the people in the new Spanish Republic.

THE EMPLOYEES OF JAMES WOODS & SONS, of Pittsburgh, have done a handsome thing, greatly to their credit. This firm has been most extensively engaged in iron works, and through some failure or other business misadventure, in the course of their large operations, had to go to protest, as many good houses have had to do before them. Their employees, having faith in their employers, held a meeting on Saturday, and a thousand of them offered their services for three months, "asking only a sufficient amount of pay to sustain themselves and families" until the firm is in better condition to pay them in full. This is a specimen of faith and forbearance on the part of the workingmen well worthy of the emulation of the large creditors of the establishment. When labor can stand delay and privation, capital ought to be ready to stand by labor.

THE CONTROL OF MAILED LETTERS.—The United States Post Office Department has decided that after a letter leaves the mailing office it passes from the control of the writer and must be delivered to its address. If the person to whom the letter is addressed cannot be found; then the sender of the letter becomes the principal party again, and the letter must be returned to the sender either through the dead letter office, or in accordance with the "request," if there be one on the envelope. This rule applies both to registered and to ordinary letters.

Eighteen inches of snow fell in Salt Lake City on the night of the 24th. The Pacific Railroad trains were not delayed, however.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BRIGGS & BROTHER'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE for 1873. Published by them at Rochester, New York.

WASHBURN'S AMATEUR CULTIVATOR'S GUIDE TO THE FLOWER AND KITCHEN GARDEN. Published by Washburne & Co., Boston, Mass.

THE JOURNAL OF THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE for February. Published by the Franklin Institute at their hall, Philada.

TOM RACQUET AND HIS THREE MAIDEN AUNTS. By FRANK E. SMEDLEY. Published by T. B Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE HALF YEARLY ABSTRACT OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. Being a Digest of British and Continental Medicine, and of the Progress of Medicine and the Collateral Sciences. Edited by WILLIAM D. STONE, M. D., F. R. C. S. January 1873. Published by Henry C. Lea, Philada.

THE AMERICAN EXCHANGE AND REVIEW for February. Published by the Review Publishing Co., corner Fourth and Walnut streets, Phila.

A NORWEGIAN-DANISH GRAMMAR AND READER WITH VOCABULARY.—Designed for American students of the Norwegian-Danish Language. By REV. C. J. P. PETERSON, Norwegian Lutheran Pastor in Chicago, Professor of Scandinavian Literature, and member of the Chicago Academy of Sciences. Published by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago. When we consider the constantly increasing intercourse between our own country and Europe, and the fact that there are in America now about 160,000 Norwegians and 40,000 Danes, it becomes evident that a knowledge of their language may be of practical as well as literary value to many Americans. With the purpose of assisting them in acquiring this knowledge, the author has written this grammar and reader, which we have no doubt will become very popular with all who engage in the study of these languages.

☞ The young man with presence of mind resides in Detroit. Just as he was lifting his hat to a couple of young ladies on Woodward avenue a boy ran a sled against his legs, and the fashionable young man turned half a dozen pigeon-wings and came down on all fours. Picking up his hat without so much as a frown, he remarked to the ladies, "I am always subject to these dizzy spells in winter."

☞ A man in Cabot, Vt., recently had reason to believe that his wood-pile was disappearing more rapidly than it ought, even in a Vermont winter, and accordingly doctored a certain stick, and put it in convenient position for abstraction. Next morning there was an explosion in his neighbor's cooking stove that sent the hash and buckwheat cakes flying about very promiscuously.

☞ An American found himself brought face to face, at Rome last month, with an old schoolfellow whom he had not seen for years. "You here?" "Yes, my dear fellow, I have just been married, and am come to pass the honeymoon in Italy." "And your wife?" "My wife? Oh, I left her in New York."

☞ Portland young ladies buy black to be married in, because it will also answer for mourning in case any of the family drops off.

☞ An editor, alluding to a fresh batch of lamp explosions in his neighborhood, speaks of kerosene as the "hydra of the household." He has probably heard some chemist say that it's a hydra-carbonate.

☞ A little boy in school gave one of the best definitions ever given to economy: "Paring potatoes thin."

☞ A newspaper of Iowa City gives rather a discouraging account of what the farmers in those "diggins" are doing, or rather not doing. Here are the prices current: A pair of winter boots costs two loads of potatoes; a night's lodging, a load of oats; the wife wears five acres of wheat; the children each ten acres of corn; the price of an overcoat is a good four year-old steer; of a Sunday suit, twenty fat hogs.

☞ The parting idiosyncracies of Parisian suicides are countless, and nearly always picturesque. To adjure the stars, to gaze upon the moon or the picture of the not impossible She are usually their last performances upon life's stage. A more original ending was that of the young gentleman—said to be crossed in love—who sadly contemplated the monkeys in the Jardin des Plantes for a full hour before he shot himself. Wherefore this? Perhaps he followed Darwin and took a deep if melancholy pleasure in that last gaze upon the living pictures of his ancestors.

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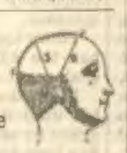

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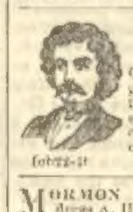

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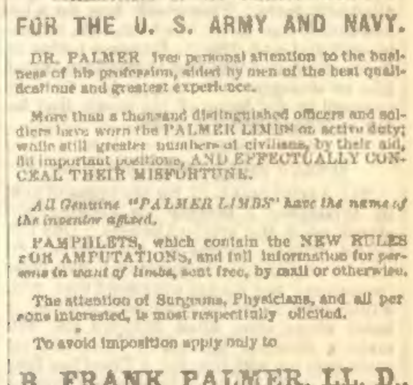

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WIT AND HUMOR.

HOW TO COOP UP A HEN.

When a woman has a hen to drive into a coop, she takes hold of her hoops with both hands, shakes them quietly toward the delinquent, and says, "Shew! there!" The hen takes one look at the object to convince herself it's a woman, and then stalks majestically into the coop, in perfect disgust of the sex. A man don't do that way. He goes out doors and says, "It is singular nobody in this house can drive a hen but myself," and picking up a stick of wood, hurls it at the offending biped and observes, "Get in there, you thief!" The hen immediately loses her reason and dashes to the other end of the yard. The man straightway dashes after her. She comes back again with her head down, her wings out, and followed by an assortment of stove-wood, fruit-cans and coal-clinkers, with a much-puffing and very mad man in the rear. Then she skims up on the stoop and under the barn, and over a fence or two and around the house, and back again to the coop, all the while talking as only an excited hen can talk, and all the while followed by things convenient for handling, and by a man whose coat is on the ground, and whose perspiration and profanity appear to have no limit. By this time the other hens have come out to take a hand in the debate and help dodge the missiles—and then the man says every hen on the place shall be sold in the morning, and puts on his things and goes down street; and the woman dons her hoops and has every one of those hens housed and contented in two minutes, and the only sound heard on the premises is the hammering by the oldest boy as he mends the broken pickets.—*Danbury News.*

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

A case of misunderstanding occurred up in the country last week.

Riding up to a hotel in Cortlandt County, we saw the big, smart landlord with his boys, smoking short pipes on the balcony, while his wife was sweeping round the chairs.

"Halloo! Do you keep this hotel?"

"No, sir, I reckon not; this tavern keeps me."

"I mean, are you master here?"

"Waal, sumtimes I am (looking at the old lady's broom,) but I guess the boys an' I 'run' the stable—take your hoss?"

"Got anything to drink round here?"

"Yes, every thing drinks around here."

"Any ales?"

"Touch of the rheumatix myself—folks generally healthy though."

"I mean, have you got any porter?"

"Yes, John's our porter. Hold his hoss, John."

"I mean any porter to drink?"

"Porter to drink? Why, John can drink, an' ef he can't drink enough, I kin whip a right smart o' licker myself."

"Pshaw, stupid! have I got to come down and see myself?"

"You kin come down, Shaw Stupid, an' see yourself ef you want to—thar's a good looking-glass in the bar-room."

"KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER."

The power with which recollections of home come sometimes to wanderers on a strand is often so great as to move the wanderer to tears. For instance, a man was walking along the street in Cumberland, Maryland, the other day, while a boy was shovelling snow from the roof of a certain house. Just as the man passed the dwelling the snow began to slide, and in less than a minute about twenty tons of it, together with the boy, lit upon the passer-by and buried him completely out of sight. The spectators instantly began to dig him out—supposing, of course, that he would be found a corpse, instead of which, he was discovered sitting with his knees doubled up under his chin, his hands to his face, and his eyes filled with tears. They shook him up a lot and asked him if he was hurt. He roused himself and said "No." He was a native of Switzerland, and this kind of thing reminded him so strongly of the happy days he used to spend in the home of his youth, that he felt as if he must cry or burst.

SPREAD OF DARWIN'S THEORIES.

Max Adeler says:—"We are engaged now in developing a scheme for growing kid gloves upon the original animal. Our old friend Darwin teaches us that you can do almost anything with breeds by judicious 'selection;' and we are convinced that, with a little care, it will be possible to produce a beast whose skin, when stripped off, will make a seamless kid glove. Our first experiments are with lizards. A lizard has four legs and a tail. Now, we believe that eventually the off fore leg can be developed into a thumb, while the three other legs and the tail can be arranged as fingers. We are crossing lizards with short tails with those with long legs; and we are now looking around for a variety of lizard with a button or two on his neck, for the purpose of breeding it in with the others, whose eyes will answer for buttonholes. The ultimate result promises to be startling. It will break up the old glove trade, and drive Jouvin to suicide. Thus it is that human ingenuity advances human civilization."

A DISAPPOINTMENT.—A Danbury boy who reads the papers went to his father with a rope in his hands and told that worthy if he did not give him fifty cents to buy a jack-knife he would forthwith hang himself. It was the place of the old man to say, "Heaven forgive you, my son, for the awful thought—here are the fifty cents." He didn't say it, however. He merely twined his fingers in the young man's tresses, and used the rope over his back until the suicide bought it was Fourth of July night.

A MARKER.—A commission house in Detroit, the other day, hired a man to mark some barrels of apples, and he branded them as "greanins," "jail-flourerers," "spittsburgs," "seekfurders," and "russets." After reading off the names, the senior partner requested the man to drop the brush, and he would get him a situation as school-teacher.

DANGEROUS.—The St. Louis Journal says: "A young man came into the office of this paper yesterday with a manuscript poem. It began with—'The snow, the snow, the beautiful snow.' His friends may get the body by applying at the basement and paying for the drygoods box containing the remains of the deceased."

A HOME THRUST.—*Tired Effie*—"It takes you just half an hour to get home, don't it, Mr. Barnacle?"

Mr. B.—"Yes, why?"

Effie—"Oh, nothing; only I was thinking if you started now, you would get home at exactly eleven o'clock."

HERE is a paragraph which we take bodily from a Western newspaper, frankly confessing our inability to improve it: A sanguine Atchison chap had faith in his ability to make himself the receptacle of four pints of raw whisky within fifteen minutes. He wagered $25 to that effect with a skeptic of the neighborhood, and made a suburban bar-room the scene of the performance. Upon his neat and ornamented tombstone, now in process of erection, will be inscribed the simple epitaph, "He smiled and died."

☞ "Gone where the ground hog twineth" is an Indianapolis aphorism.

SHUT THE DOOR.

Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore—
No doubt you have heard the name before—
Was a boy who never would shut a door!

The wind might whistle, the wind might roar,
And teeth be aching and throats be sore,
But still he would never shut the door.

His father would beg, his mother implore,
"Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore,
We really do wish you would shut the door!"

Their hands they wrung, their hair they tore,
But Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore
Was deaf as the buoy out at the Nore.

When he walked forth the folks would roar,
"Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore,
Why don't you think to shut the door?"

They rigged out a shutter with sail and oar,
And threatened to pack off Gustavus Gore
On a voyage of penance to Singapore,

But he begged for mercy, and said: "No more!
Pray do not send me to Singapore
On a shutter, and then I will shut the door."

"You will?" said his parents; "then keep on shore,
But mind you do! for the plague is sore
Of a fellow that never will shut the door,
Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore!"

A 'POSSUM HUNT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MAY MEREDITH.

"Charlie, please let me go with you to-night? That's a dear, good old brother! You know I've promised not to talk a bit more than is absolutely necessary, and I am quite sure that I can hold my tongue when there is any reason for it. You look incredulous. Try me, then."

Who could resist the little torment? Certainly not the elder brother, who looked at the sweet face beside him with a smile, and after a little more teazing gave his consent to her request.

She looked very pretty by the light of the pine-torch she carried, as she followed her brother with several of his men out of the house into the woods around. She had tucked up her dress, and very small and shapely feet peeped from beneath the skirts, while the hat, tied securely over the sheeny, golden curls, served but to enhance the beauty of the dainty little head which carried itself so proudly.

Charlie looked at her admiringly.

"Well, Nita, after all, I think you will make a first-rate huntswoman. You haven't said a word since we started."

"There"—with a sigh of relief—"I am so glad you spoke first. I had fully made up my mind I would not utter one syllable till you did. Now, I suppose, though, I can ask you a question."

"Ask away."

"Well, Charlie, don't laugh at my ignorance, but how *do* you catch the 'possums?"

He smiled as he watched the eager, earnest face upturned to him, but gravely answered:

"In the first place, Nita, we start out as you see us now, dogs and all. Then after awhile the head dog telegraphs to his lingering companions that he has tracked a 'possum. The commotion among the canines is great, as you can imagine; likewise among ourselves. Then comes the fight, the pursuit, the tracing, and—the capture—"

"Or," interrupts Nita, "the escape of the prey. Respected brother, I understand. But how much longer will it be ere all this happens to-night?"

"There, I hear Carlo barking now. Hurrah! We will soon have *that* old 'possum."

It required all the exertion Nita could make to keep up with the long strides of her brother and his companions, but she stepped bravely forward, and at last was rewarded by finding the opossum was treed. It was very interesting, she thought, to watch the cutting down of the tree, and to examine the 'possum after its capture; but when the other hunters pressed on, headed by the dogs, she felt so tired that she told Charlie she could go no farther. He looked annoyed.

"Now, old fellow, don't be mad. I've seen one 'possum tracked, followed, treed and taken, and that is what I've never seen before. Now you can come home this way, and I will wait for you here by this big pine tree. I'm not in the least afraid. The place is not haunted by gnome or goblin, elf or fairy. Besides, if you give up your hunt on my account, I will never forgive myself for coming at all. Now, Charles Edward Ladson, be convinced of the truth of my remarks and proceed."

After a little more coaxing, she succeeded in having her own way. With a great many cautions, Charlie hurried off.

Nina planted her torch firmly in the ground, and threw herself down at the foot of the large pine. She was a brave, little lady, and did not mind being alone. Indeed, there was no danger, in such a quiet and peaceable neighborhood as that of Pine Grove.

She listened to the baying of the dogs till it grew fainter and fainter, and then taking off her hat, rested her head comfortably against the tree.

Her musings were interrupted at length by the sound of approaching footsteps, and springing up, she darted behind the tree, which completely hid her. She saw Charlie, as she thought, approach the spot where she had been reclining, and looked anxiously around. She laughed a little laugh to herself at the deceit she was practising on him, and wondered where he would think she had wandered.

As he turned away, she slipped from her hiding-place, and coming quietly up behind him, stood on her tip-toes, placed her hands suddenly over his eyes, and shouted merrily—

"I'm not lost, Mr. Charles, nor eaten up by a giant, nor carried off by a fairy, nor transformed into a lizard or a bat; but, here I am quite safe and sound. As a proof whereof, I administer this tender token of my affection!"

And stretching the pretty white neck to its fullest extent, she leaned over and pressed a kiss on his cheek.

But she had hardly done so, when she drew back in dismay. She could see the whole face now, which was turned toward her, and oh! it was not Charlie, her brother, but some one else, whom she had kissed! She saw the look of amused interest in the dark eyes that rested on her, and the smile of mischief that hovered over the mouth. Then she turned and fled.

"Nita," said Charlie Ladson the next day, "I met Leonard Clarkson last night, while we were hunting. It seems he was out too. He told me he had been here about a week, on a visit to Ned Rogers; and I begged him to come over to-day and stay a week or two with me. By the way, he asked me if I had a sister. He might have seen for himself, that I had a very sweet one, if you had not come home so soon—for we came back to the pine tree, and I told him I had left you there."

"And why did you tell him anything about me, I should like to know?"

"Well, he asked me, and what was I to say? Come, little girl, don't put on any airs. You know you'll be glad to see Leonard, for your brother's sake. Remember he is my best friend."

"Yes," said Nita, meekly; and after Charlie left her—"but I wish he wasn't coming."

There was no help for it, she must meet him. But, perhaps he would not know her, and for that purpose, she arranged her hair differently, and tried to look as unlike herself as possible.

"Nita, this is my friend, Mr. Clarkson; my sister, Leonard, for whom you inquired so particularly last night."

Oh, why did Charlie say anything about last night? Nita had braced herself up for the occasion, and was looking very innocently at her brother's friend, when those words, "last night" reached them both, and as her eyes met Leonard's, the color rushed to her face. She saw the same laughing smile and glance, and knew it was Leonard she had kissed. He had recognized her too, and what could she do?

But it was not as hard as she expected. Of course, no allusion was made to their first meeting, nor to Nita's mistake, and so the days passed on, and to Nita each brought more sunshine and happiness.

"Miss Nita," said Leonard, one evening as they sat together, "Do you know that I must leave to-morrow?"

She turned pale, but answered steadily—

"Leave us? I am so sorry. Why are you in such haste?"

"I do not think I have hurried," he said. "Indeed, I have lingered longer than has been safe for me, and I must go away now, without the heart I brought with me. Nita," and he took the white, trembling hand in his, "do you know, little one, that I love you? Will you not give me your heart in exchange for the one I have lost?"

He gazed into the sweet eyes, and seeing the tale so dear to him written there, drew the little form close to his heart.

After awhile, she murmured—

"Oh, Leonard, was it not fearful?"

"Was not what fearful, my darling?"

"That night," she said, "when I went hunting with Charlie. Oh, you don't know how dreadfully I felt. What *did* you think of me?"

"Do you really want to know?" he asked gravely.

"Yes, indeed," she said anxiously.

"Well, I thought you were the sweetest, dearest, prettiest little maid, I had ever seen. And the most affectionate, too," he added mischievously.

She hid her face on his shoulder.

"It was awful," she whispered. "But I am so thankful it was you, and no one else. Leonard—"

"What?"

"Will you promise never to say anything about it, not to Charlie, even?"

"I will, my little darling, on one condition."

"And that condition?"

"That you go through the same performance again, changing the words and saying what I dictate."

They were standing now, his arm round her.

"Well," she said hesitatingly, "I suppose I must agree."

She placed her little hands over his eyes, as she had done before, and after him murmured—

"Here I am, Leonard Clarkson, quite safe and sound. I love you with all my heart, and as a proof of that love—"

Here the sweet lips faltered, and pressed themselves lightly on the man's cheek. The next instant she was clasped to his breast!

CROSS PURPOSES.

ENQUIRING MIND—"And do all the good people go the good way to the good place, ma?"

MA.—"Yes, darling!"

E. M.—"And the bad people by bad ways to the bad place?"

MA.—"Yes, pet!"

E. M.—"Then do all the cross people go where the cross-roads lead to?"

MA.—"!"

The Sunny Side of a Minister's Life.

A "Business Man," in N. Y. Evangelist, says:—The list of deceased ministers, with their ages, which appeared in a late number of the Evangelist, was to me full of interest and food for thought. During the last few months the Evangelist has contained not a few communications detailing the trials and discouragements of a minister's life; but this short list convinces me that, although there may be cases of peculiar hardship, yet, after all, there are very many compensating comforts and enjoyments in the life of the minister; and that, taking these into account, his troubles and difficulties are probably no greater than those connected with any other profession or business.

This list gives the names of forty-nine ministers of the Presbyterian Church, who died during the year just closed, and the average age of these is the remarkable one of sixty-two. I am convinced that a list of lawyers, doctors, or business men, officers in the Presbyterian Church, who died in 1872, would show no such advanced age. The strain on the nerves, brain and general health of an active man of business is, I doubt not, greater than that to which the average minister is exposed, and the troubles of the merchant shorten his life much more frequently than do the troubles of the minister.

There are many points in which a minister has the advantage of most other men. I shall mention but one or two.

First, the minister has more command of his time than most other men. The merchant or accountant has to be at his post all day long for six days of the week, and the work in which he is engaged is to a great extent monotonous. The minister can, as a general thing, choose the time of the day when he shall study, the time of the day when he shall take his recreation, or see his family. Nay more, he often can take *a whole day to himself*. Then he has meetings of Presbytery, Synod, ministerial gatherings every Monday, and many other sources of relief and interest. A banker must be in his bank, and a merchant in his store, every day from ten to four, or even longer, but the minister can generally choose his own time for hard work.

Again, as to summer vacations—how few of the congregation get so long and so regular a vacation as the minister. Only a few of the wealthy and more independent do so.

Then, even as to the matter of *salary*—I think that in most places there are few men whose salaries are greater than those of the clergy. How few insurance men, bankers, or secretaries, get such salaries as the ministers of New York, Brooklyn, Cincinnati and Chicago. And even in the rural villages, where the minister gets but $700 or $1,000 a year, there are probably not more than one or two men in the village who have a larger income.

I may be far wrong, but I believe communications filled with complaints about the hardships to which ministers are subjected give but one side of the case, and are apt to do injury. They tend to keep young men from entering the ministry, and they not unfrequently carry the idea that ministers must be a kind of petted children, always crying out at the various troubles incident to their calling.

The "noble army" of ministers who left the Church militant for the Church triumphant, in the year 1872, were almost all men who had grown gray in the service of their Master; and the old age to which they attained shows that they drew that strength and inspiration from a source that can never be affected by the petty troubles which often assail the soldiers of the cross.

The Plague of the Ladies.

In a new translation of Aristophanes, by an English clergyman named Collins, are the following free lines from the Women's Chorus of a Greek play. It looks very much as if the gentlemen of ancient Greece were just about as inconsistent as those of the present day:

They're always abusing the women
As a terrible plague to men;
They say we're the root of all evil,
And repeat it again and again.

Of war, and quarrels, and bloodshed,
All mischief too, be what it may;
And pray, then, why do you marry us,
If we're all the plagues you say?

And why do you take such care of us,
And keep us so safe at home,
And are never easy a moment
If ever we chance to roam?

When you ought to be thanking Heaven
That your Plague is out of the way,
You all keep fussing and fretting—
"Where is my Plague to-day?"

If a Plague peeps out of the window,
Up go the eyes of the men;
If she hides they all keep staring
Until she looks out again.

The Hoosier.

Webster has no vowel sounds which will fully represent the Hoosier dialect; its grammar may be partially illustrated by the conjugation of the verb "to do." As thus:—

Present tense—Regular as in English.

Imperfect—I done it, you done it, he done it.

Plural—We'uns done it, you'uns done it, they'uns done it, &c.

Perfect—I gone done it, &c.

Plural—We'uns gone done it, &c.

Pluperfect—I bin gone done it, &c.

Plural—We'uns bin gone done it, &c.

First future—I gwine to do it, you gwine to do it, &c.

Plural—We'uns gwine to do it, &c.

Second future—I gwine to gone done it, &c.

Plural—We'uns gwine to gone done it, you'uns gwine, &c.

☞ A Savannah gentleman set a trap to discover what became of his chickens, and was awakened the next night by the cries of his mother-in-law, who had come to visit the roost.

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

MAUD.—We have no recollection of receiving the story to which you refer.

SOMNAMBULIST, (Philadelphia,) writes: "Will you please decide these questions for me? I went out to spend the evening last week with a certain young gentleman. He had always acted very gentlemanly before, but on this particular evening he acted in such a manner as not to deserve the name of a gentleman, by putting his feet on top of the table, throwing the cards round the room, and whispering to other gentlemen, which I resented by going home under another's escort. The next day I received an apology, written to an insulting way. Now, after all this, do you think I am justified in not recognising him? Why should he write an apology, if his object was to insult? I shall close by asking the fashionable question, How do you like my writing?" We should think you were fully justified in not recognizing him hereafter. We wonder that you can even ask the question in so plain a case. Your writing is very fair.

H. S., (Oak Grove, N. C.,) writes: "Please tell me the price of John G. Whittier's poems; also the price of Marion Harland's last novel. The title, I think, is 'True as Steel.'" Whittier's poetry, finely bound, is sold for $2.50, and "True as Steel" for $1.75, cloth.

J. A. V., (Thaxtons, Va.,) writes: "Please inform me what is the pay of a private in the United States Navy, and where will a person apply to get a situation. What do you think of my writing?" There is no such position as private in the Navy. There are such positions as landsmen, ordinary, and able seamen. You would probably need to ship in the first position. The pay would be about ten or twelve dollars per month. You could ship at any United States recruiting station, in our seaport cities.

BESS, (Kentucky,) writes: "In one of your late papers you ask for a receipt for cream candy. As I have one of the best, I thought I would write it off for you, and at the same time trouble you with a few questions. 1st. Who was Madge Wildfire? 2d. Who was Princess Monocco? 3d. What is the latest style of wedding cards? (for a church wedding.) Would you furnish them, and at what price? 4th. When a lady is married at the church, in a travelling suit, ought she to go right to the depot from there, or go home to receive congratulations, and then to the depot, as the lady intends taking a trip?" Our correspondent's Receipt for Cream Candy is as follows: "To three pounds of white sugar add rather more than a pint of water, and set on a slow fire for half an hour. Then add a teaspoonful of powder gum arabic, dissolved in a tablespoonful of vinegar; boil until brittle, take off and flavor with vanilla." 1st. She was the crazy daughter of old Meg Murdockson, in Sir Walter Scott's novel of the "Heart of Mid Lothian." 2d. We do not know. 3. There is no special change in the style, that we are aware of. Any stationer can get up cards in the style. 4th. It is more usual to go directly to the depot, though some *prefer* to go home first. It is immaterial which you do—so you please yourself and your friends.

J. D. L., (Conover, O.,) asks: "1st. Does the law require stamps upon proprietary articles when offered for sale? 2d. Why cannot the wasp sting me so long as I keep my mouth closed, breathing excitedly through the nose? It can insert its sting up to the hilt, and there is no sensation while I keep the mouth closed, nor can any pain be felt afterward. Is not this a proof that the nose was meant to breathe through?" 1st. The law requiring proprietary articles to be stamped has not been repealed, to our knowledge. 2d. Is this curious statement a theory of yours, or does it rest on the evidence of some other person? Of course if you have closed your mouth, and let a wasp sting away at yourself, we must accept your word. In any other case we must doubt the fact. We should say it would hinder its stinging you inside the mouth, but would leave it at liberty to forage at its will outside. It certainly could prove nothing about the intention of the nose.

J. D., (Rebersburg, Pa.,) asks: "Can you inform an old reader whether there is any work from which Drawing can be learned without a teacher? If so, what is the price of it, and where can it be procured? Also, what is the best book on Penmanship?" There are probably works making that claim, but we greatly doubt their efficiency. In our opinion, Drawing cannot be properly learned without a teacher. There are numerous good works on Penmanship. The Spencerian system is taught in the Philadelphia schools.

MULBERRY, (Illinois,) writes: "Please oblige a reader by answering the following questions—1st. There is a young man living in this town, with whom I have fallen very deeply in love. But there are also two more young ladies who, I have reason to believe, like him as well as I do. One of the young ladies in question he kept company with almost a year; and, indeed, I think he goes to see her yet. He shows me all the letters he receives from her, as she has left this town. The other young lady he has never paid any particular attention to. He has taken me to several parties and social gatherings, and always appears to seek my society when in company. He has also called at our house several times, but his visits seemed to be as much directed to my father and mother as to myself. When all three of us are together, as has happened several times, he treats us all very nearly alike. If anything, he seems to be more intimate with the young lady who has left here. I am almost sixteen, and can truly say I have never been in love before. Now the question is, shall I let him go, and consider him nothing more than a friend (which would be very hard for me to do) or shall I try to stand an equal chance with the other two? 2d. How do you pronounce Erulte, and what is the meaning? 3d. Is it proper for a young lady to take a young gentleman's arm, when leaving any place of amusement, without his asking her, if she is a very intimate friend? 4th. Is there really any compound that will make the hair grow? 5th. Do you think it really necessary for a girl to write compositions at school, who never intends to teach, or, in fact, to have a finished education? I will not inquire about my writing, as I know just how poor it is." 1st. As your case is not one that is likely to prove fatal to your future happiness, we will defer shedding tears over your sorrows until the occasion becomes more pressing. It is certainly evidence of lack of sentiment on your part, never to have been seriously in love before, and almost sixteen! We doubt not that you will make up for your lost opportunities by being often in love in the future. As for your present cause of distress, it seems to us that you have rather the best chance of the three. If he loved the absent lady he would not shew you her letters, and you admit that he does not appear to care for the other. The only decided rivals you seem to have are your father and mother, and we think you might forgive him for the unusual politeness of considering the parents when there is an interesting and love-stricken daughter present. What you tell us impresses us favorably toward the young man, and we think it probable that five or six years hence he may make you a good husband, that is if your love lasts that long. By all means let him go, and consider him nothing more than a friend. If you continue to consider him as a lover, he will very soon find it out, and if he does not return your affection this may retard rather than aid your chances in competition with the other two. Forgive our jesting tone; we think you "ower young to marry yet," or even to fall in love. 2d. We do not know the word. 3d. Perfectly proper. Great intimacy should certainly warrant a lady to make that much use of a friend, without waiting for an invitation. 4th. We answered another correspondent a week or two ago, that we had no knowledge on the subject. 5th. We think it really important. As to your intentions concerning a finished education, we should advise you to intend to learn all you conveniently can, even if you cannot now perceive its full future benefit. You will probably have many letters to write in the future (you may, for instance, get in the predicament of the young lady who is writing to your friend,) and will find a knowledge of writing compositions very useful. There is no danger of any school knowledge proving disadvantageous to you, and writing compositions appears to us to be a more profitable employment, at your age, than failing in love.

QUERENS, (Rockville, N. J.), writes: "I would like to ask you a few questions. 1st. How is Goethe pronounced? 2d. Where do you place the accent in encyclopædia? Will you please give me an idea in regard to the American Encyclopædia; of what does it treat? 3d. Will you please inform me if Jean Paul Richter is living? What books has he written? 4th. Who is the author of 'Oh, a wonderful stream is the river of time?' Will you translate mon ami, La Reine Blanche, retrousse and mis carissimas? What do you think of my writing?" 1st. We answered this question a week or two ago. 2d. On the syllable pæ, the antepenultimate. The Encyclopedia of which you question, professes to treat briefly on all subjects of importance. 3d. Jean Paul Richter died in 1825. He published a large number of works. Among the principal are "Hesperus," "Titan," and "Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces." 4th. We do not know the author of the poem. Mon ami means "My Friend," La Reine Blanche, "The White Queen," retrousse, "turned up," or, as applied to the nose, "snub," mis carissimas, "my dearest," or "my darling." You write a fair hand.

POET, (Ohio,) writes: "Please tell me how and what to prepare for a table for New Year callers? Where must the table be placed, in the parlor or the dining-room? If you do not believe in having wine, do you have tea or coffee? 2d. Who is the author of the poem entitled, 'Sleigh Riding of the Olden Times?' also of 'Footprints in the Sands of Time?' 3d. Did our representation of the Goddess of Liberty originate in our country? 4th. Could you possibly oblige us by republishing 'Am Rhein?' We have lost it and cannot get it anywhere else. 5th. Can you give us a receipt for making butter scotch? 6th. What per cent. is generally thrown off in buying quite a number of books for a library? Will you please refer us to the very best book on etiquette? We have the greatest faith in your answers, and think you have the patience of Job." New Year's calls are very little observed in Philadelphia. We believe the custom in New York is to set the table in the dining-room, or in the parlor when the dining-room is in the basement. The use of wine on this occasion is going out of fashion, and coffee or tea are considered preferable. 2d. We do not know who wrote the first piece. The second is a line occurring in Longfellow's "Psalm of Life." 3d. The idea of deifying liberty is not a new one. Its origin is obscure. 4th. We will consider the matter, and oblige you if we can make it convenient. 5th. We only know that it is made by cooking sugar with a proper quantity of butter, but do not know the proportions. 6th. Write us as to what works you want, and we will inform you. 7th. There are a great variety of such works. We could not undertake to say which is best for your purposes.

REATHER, (Philada.,) writes: "Seeing that you so willingly answer questions through your unrivalled newspaper, I would like to ask you a few. 1st. As I am very anxious to learn telegraphing, how long do you think it would take me to learn so that I could read the despatch by the clicking of the apparatus? Also, where could I get some paper that has been used by telegraphing on it? 2d. Do you offer premiums for a certain number of subscribers to the getters up of a club, and what are they? 3d. What do you think of my writing? Please tell me whether it is good or bad, for a boy of 15 years, also is my spelling bad or good? and my grammar, how is it?" 1st. We cannot say how long it would take you. It depends very much on the quickness of a person's ear for sound and time. It is a difficult matter to learn to receive readily, and requires considerable experience. We do not know where you could get the paper desired. Probably at some of the local telegraph offices. 2d. Yes. We will send you our list of premiums on receipt of your address. 3d. Your writing is not good. Your spelling greatly needs correction, your grammar is moderately good, but might be improved.

W. H. V., (Cussetta, Ga.,) writes: "Please inform me what you think of my handwriting for a boy not quite seventeen years of age. Do you think I write a good hand for book-keeping? Where is the best commercial school in the United States situated?" You write a tolerably good hand for your age. Your writing, however, is not as clearly defined as is desirable, and you need practice in the proper shape of the letters. By care in writing you can make your hand a very good one. There are commercial schools in all the principal cities. They are probably nearly equal in merit.

H. W. H., (Freeburg, Ill.), asks: "What does O. N. T. on the spools of cotton thread mean? It is their trade mark, but what does it mean?" We are not aware what they mean by it. Not considering it a matter of the least importance, we have not taken the trouble to post ourselves on this subject. It would be a difficult task to undertake to study up the many mysterious trade marks.

W. L., (Greensboro, N. C.), writes: "1st. How many newspapers and magazines are there in New York city? 2d. How many churches, and what denomination has the most? 3d. How many books has ——— written? 4th. What will you pay for contributions to THE POST? 5th. Who has the largest grocery store in New York? 6th. What do you think of my writing? Would it do for a book-keeper, or shipping-clerk?" 1st. In the neighborhood of two hundred. They are commencing and dying so frequently, that we cannot tell the exact number. 2d. There are nearly three hundred churches. We believe the Episcopalian denomination has the most. 3d. A large number, probably twenty-five or thirty. 4th. You might as well ask us what we would pay for a diamond. We would ask to see the jewel first. 5th. We do not know. 6th. It is poor, and would not answer for the purposes mentioned.

[Several letters are laid over to be answered in our next.]

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 42 letters.

My 12, 23, 7, 36, 35, 42, 39, 2, 14, is a lake in Louisiana.

My 27, 14, 3, 27, 17, 20, 32, 11, 33, 13, 3, 16, is a town in Arkansas.

My 11, 14, 24, 27, 40, 26, 1, 10, 17, is a river in Mississippi.

My 32, 28, 41, 14, 27, 33, 39, 6, is a town in South Carolina.

My 3, 35, 27, 16, 3, 23, is a town in Mexico.

My 11, 30, 7, 6, 1, 17, 32, 10, 24, 12, 32, is a river in Canada.

My 36, 7, 26, 32, 6, 27, 26, is one of the United States.

My 21, 6, 17, 39, 42, is a town in France.

My 5, 6, 24, 4, 20, is one of the Ionian Islands.

My 21, 3, 14, 18, 38, is a river in Russia.

My whole *is an interesting Story* published in THE POST. B. K. T.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. How strange!
2. Rent not.
3. Arch gate.
4. Oh! may I act?
5. Up last.
6. Long stave.
7. Enter chasm.
8. Urge boat on.
9. I sail in a pond.
10. Yet left a evil.
11. The scorer.
12. No seat.
13. Taller view.
14. A note.
15. Tear cloth.
16. No city care.

Greenville Co., Va. EUGENE.

CROSS PUZZLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. This is an animal sharp.
2. Among weavers; yarn for the warp.
3. A mineral this will name.
4. To an aeriform fluid next I came.
5. One who goes before; you will attest.
6. Something without meaning; the word is used in jest.
7. Authorized this means.
8. A fish found in streams.
9. To recede; becomes my text.
10. A portion of your frame is next.
11. To incline; this may be.

These form a cross: the centrals afford
Letters that form a cabalistic word.
Supposed to have power to relieve
Disease and pain, ancients did believe.

Fort Totten, D. T. "NELOM."

WORD SQUARES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.

1. A noble quality of the mind.
2. A tree from which an oil is extracted.
3. A western city.
4. Underhand.
5. Musical characters.

II.

1. A lady's name.
2. Above.
3. A tear.
4. Wiles, or crafts.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sides of a triangle are 80, 136 and 168 rods. Required the distance from the centre of the inscribed circle to that of the circumscribed circle. E. P. NORTON.

Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.—To subvert a man in his cause, the Lord approveth not. Lamentations, 3 chap., 36 verse.

RIDDLE.—Snow, now, ow, w, sow, won, own.

BURIED CITIES.—1. Brest. 2. Leon. 3. Oporto. 4. Coblentz. 5. Granada. 6. Perth. 7. Cherbourg. 8. Berne.

WORD SQUARES.—

1.	2.	3.
GAME	ROSE	REAL
ABEL	ODOR	ELSE
MEAL	SONS	ASIA
ELLA	EBSE	LEAL

PROBLEM.—32; (having at first 102.)

RECEIPTS.

TURKEY STUFFED WITH TONGUE.—*Ingredients.*—A turkey, a tongue, some sausage-meat or veal stuffing.

Mode.—Bone the turkey, all but the wings and legs; take the root off the tongue and put the latter whole into the turkey, stuffing the bird into shape with the sausage meat; roast and baste well. The tongue must be boiled quite tender first.

VEAL MINCED.—Mince the veal as finely as possible, separating the skin, gristle and bones, with which a gravy should be made. Put a small quantity of the gravy into a stew-pan, with a little lemon-peel grated, and a spoonful of milk or cream; thicken it with a little butter and flour, mixed gradually with the gravy; season it with salt and a little lemon-juice and Cayenne pepper. Put in the minced veal, and let it simmer a few minutes. Serve it up with sippets of bread, and garnish with sliced lemon.

BEEFSTEAK SMOTHERED WITH ONIONS.—Cut up six onions very fine; put them into a saucepan, with two cups of hot water and about two ounces of butter; pepper and salt; dredge in a little flour; let it stew until the onions are quite soft; then have the steak broiled; put it in the saucepan with the onions; let it simmer about ten minutes; send it to table very hot.

BAKED FISH.—*Ingredients.*—Any cold fish, macaroni, milk, butter, grated cheese, bread-crumbs and Cayenne.

Mode.—Boil some macaroni very tender in milk, about twice as much as there is cold fish, which should be broken into very small pieces; mix with it the grated cheese and Cayenne; put it into a flat dish, with a few bread-crumbs and some pieces of butter at the top, and bake a nice light brown. Any fish will do for this dish.

PICKLED ONIONS.—Take onions, pare and split them part open, not so that they will come apart; lay them in weak salt and water over night, then put them in a jar, scald some vinegar (not boil, as it kills the vinegar,) with cloves and pepper-grains, and pour on the onions while hot. They will be fit for use in a day or two.

CHEAP BUT EXCELLENT LEMON PIE.—The juice and grated rind of one lemon, one cup of water, one cup of sugar, two table spoonfuls of flour, and one of butter. This will make two pies.

CORN-STARCH CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, one cup of corn-starch, two cups of flour, four eggs, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and flavor with lemon or vanilla.

FRENCH CURRANT CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two cups of flour, one cup of currants, three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of milk, one half teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-fourth teaspoonful of soda, and a little nutmeg. Bake in one pan.

LEMON JELLY.—Take a paper of gelatine, and let it soak in a pint of warm water an hour; then add a quart of boiling water and the juice of two lemons, and a pint and a half of sugar.

WINE JELLY.—For an invalid with whom acid does not agree, wine jelly is preferable, viz.: One paper gelatine; pour one pint of cold water upon it and let it dissolve; then add one pint of boiling water, stir it well and add one pint of wine, then one half-pound of white sugar. Put it in moulds, and set it in a cool place for an hour or two.